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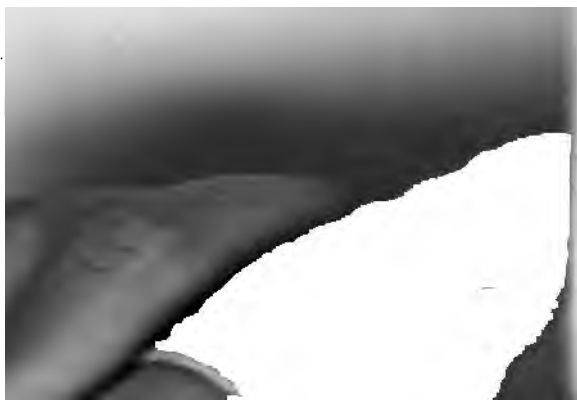
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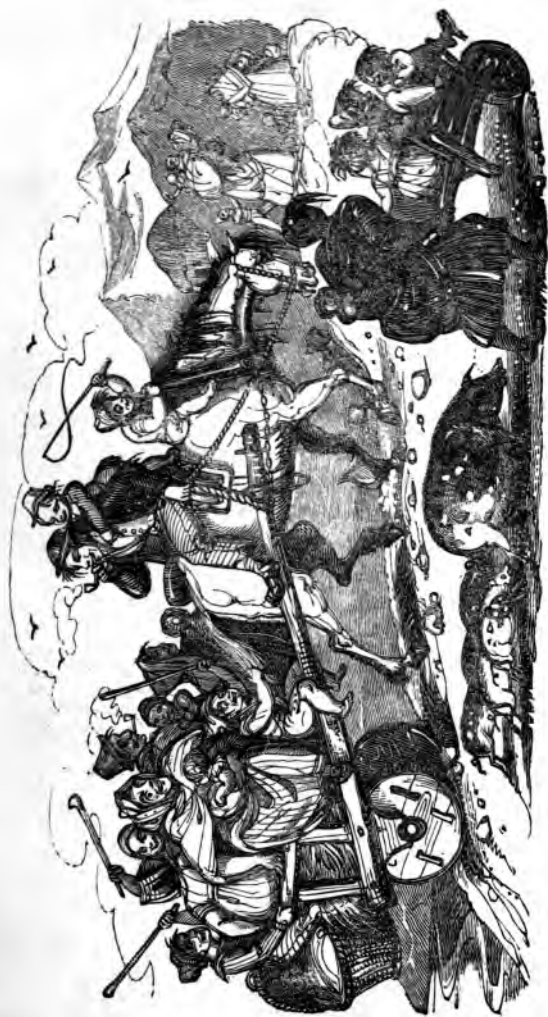












EMIGRATION.

# THE HUMOURIST,

A COMPANION FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

BY

W. H. HARRISON,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A PHYSICIAN," &c.

EMBELLISHED BY

EIGHTY ENGRAVINGS,

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY W. H. BROOKE.

Tell us a story, old Robin Gray,  
This merry Christmas time :  
We are all in our glory, so tell us a story,  
Either in prose or rhyme.

SOUTHERN



LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND ;

AND SOLD BY

R. ACKERMANN, JUN. 191, REGENT STREET.

M.DCCC.XXXII.

45

250. m. 373.

**LONDON:**  
**J. MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.**

## PREFACE.

WERE the Author, after having so frequently presented himself in the arena of letters, to repeat his apology for the intrusion in this instance, he would, probably, obtain as little credit for sincerity as certain other performers, whose affection for the Public leads them to convert a tragedy into a farce, by taking a "last farewell" of their "patrons" every year.

Addressing himself, therefore, to a more grateful duty, he eagerly embraces this occasion to express his deep sense of the indulgence of the Public, and the liberality of the critical Press, both metropolitan and provincial, to which he is bound to attribute the success, that (notwithstanding some annoyances from *pirates*) attended THE HUMOURIST in the pro-

secution of her first voyage. In that encouragement must be found his excuse for appearing with another



COLLECTION OF TALES.

In the Preface to the former Volume, he anticipated a comparison between himself and a prominent figure in the Frontispiece,

and he apprehends that he shall not escape on the present occasion. He neither claims nor merits exemption from the common lot of Authors. Like the animal in the first illustration of this Number, he has found his path an *up-hill* one, and the attempt to *draw a multitude*, with so many *conflicting* sentiments, laborious. He has had great critics on his *back*, and small ones upon his *withers*; while the *shafts* of censure have galled his sides. Could he, however—to carry the simile not farther, but back, that is to the tail of the car—dare to hope that, like the Irishman with the uplifted shilelah, he is about to *make a hit*, he should forget his past labours in the prospect of future reward.

The Writer acquits himself of a duty in acknowledging the zealous co-operation of the Artist to whose talents he is indebted for the Embellishments,—in reference to which, it is presumed, that, whatever sentence may be

passed on the literary department, the reader will say with Falstaff,

“ Good Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you.”

The Author concludes with a hope, suggested by the subjoined vignette, that there are guests with *Tales*, whose visits may be worse timed and less welcome than those of THE HUMOURIST.



FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHRISTMAS .....	3
The Cares of Corpulence .....	9
The Zoologist.....	24
Blue Bess ; a Tale of the Sea .....	34
Dick Dowlas .....	51
The Veterans .....	61
Heart for Heart ; or, O'Slaughter's Courtship ....	72
The Bull and the Barber .....	81
Taming a Tartar .....	88
Black and White .....	97
The Two Adjutants .....	113
The Monk of St. Dominick .....	137
The False One ; a Modern Sappho's Lament ....	167
The Governess .....	173
A Royal Visit .....	189
The Abbot's Kitchen ; or, Laying a Ghost .....	202
Reform .....	228
More Copy ! .....	234
Love in the East .....	255
The Brothers .....	265
Postscript .....	277



## PLATES.

	PAGE
1. <i>EMIGRATION, Frontispiece</i> .....	ii
2. <i>A Collection of Tales</i> .....	vi
3. <i>Fille de Chambre</i> .....	viii
4. <i>Twelfth Night Characters</i> .....	2
5. <i>Highland Fling</i> .....	6
6. <i>Lightly Tread</i> .....	8
7. <i>Captain Kitley</i> .....	16
8. <i>Fast and Loose</i> .....	19
9. <i>The Master of the Rolls</i> .....	23
10. <i>Fish, Flesh, and Fowl</i> .....	25
11. <i>Polyphemus</i> .....	29
12. <i>Tail-Piece</i> .....	33
13. <i>Epicene</i> .....	35
14. <i>Spirits mounted and under Arms</i> .....	41
15. <i>Mountain Dew</i> .....	43
16. <i>This is my own, my native Land!</i> .....	48
17. <i>Rufus Knights</i> .....	50
18. <i>Don Quixote</i> .....	53
19. <i>Comic and Tragic Muse</i> .....	58
20. <i>Ben Block and Tom Starboard</i> .....	60
21. <i>Taking care of the main Chance</i> .....	63
22. <i>Horse Marine</i> .....	66
23. <i>Will Watch</i> .....	71
24. <i>Quarter-Master General</i> .....	73

	PAGE
25. Bubble and Squeak .....	78
26. A Pair of Bellows .....	80
27. Cock-a-Hoop .....	87
28. Hair-dressing .....	89
29. Selfish Beings .....	94
30. Crossing the Line .....	96
31. Jacobinical .....	103
32. The Negropont .....	107
33. Under the Line .....	110
34. The Two Adjutants .....	112
35. A Quadruped .....	116
36. A Military Figure among Ciphers .....	119
37. Mississippi .....	121
38. Nagpoor .....	123
39. Cuddalore .....	132
40. Missilonghi .....	134
41. Preparatory Study .....	136
42. Incubus .....	145
43. Robin Hood and Little John .....	154
44. Passing the Rubicon .....	162
45. Hum-Drum .....	164
46. A Sinister Look .....	166
47. Lalla Rookh .....	170
48. Animal Enjoyment .....	172
49. Garter King at Arms .....	178
50. Plymouth .....	186
51. Aeronauts .....	188
52. Blow high, blow low .....	194
53. Odd Fish .....	195
54. The Green Man .....	199

	PAGE
55. Falstaff .....	201
56. Lime Juice .....	203
57. Waterloo Veterans .....	208
58. Irish Labourers .....	212
59. Pugna pro Patriâ .....	220
60. Coil and Recoil .....	227
61. Colossus of Rhodes .....	229
62. Connecticut .....	233
63. Embarkation .....	235
64. The Scenters and Lapithæ .....	244
65. Spring Time .....	246
66. Lictor, a Beadle .....	248
67. Heir-at-Law .....	252
68. Tant Mieux .....	254
69. Indian Rubber .....	257
70. Entre Nous .....	259
71. Heavy Wet .....	262
72. Messieurs Gall and Spurzheim .....	264
73. Paradise and the Peri .....	266
74. Kenilworth .....	268
75. Rôle d'Equipage .....	270
76. Nymph and Pan .....	272
77. Craniology .....	274
78. Regiment of the Line at drill .....	276
79. Pegasus .....	278
80. Pennsylvania .....	282
81. A Brother of the Angle .....	284





TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

# THE HUMOURIST.

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## CHRISTMAS.

THrice welcome, Christmas! maugre thine approach

Be mark'd by skies somewhat too cold and  
murky;

I hail thy harbinger, the Norwich coach,

Laden, inside and out, with chine and turkey,  
And sausage by the fathom. Thou hast other  
Attendants on thy state, in liveries rich,  
Green, red, and blue, a family of which

The HUMOURIST is but the younger brother;

Who, while transcendent many a rival shines,

Still hopes the world will smile on his *designs*;

Though some like none but China *plates*, and  
sigh

For that much-relished Annual, a mince pie.

And yet, mine ancient crony, 'tis with pain  
I mark some members absent from thy train,  
Who, in good days of yore, were wont to swell  
it.

Where is SNAP-DRAGON? all extinguish'd —  
vanish'd!

Where mystic MISTLETOE? unfairly banish'd,  
To grace the kitchen, and I live to tell it!

Where's BLIND MAN'S BUFF? alas! this march  
of mind,

With all its boasted blessings, hath refined  
Us out of half our former recreations!

Where is old HUNT THE SLIPPER? with the  
snow

Which melted many, many years ago.

Where FORFEITS, paid (I hate alliterations)  
In cunning Cupid's current coinage kisses?  
Despatch'd to Coventry by modern misses.

Where are the COUNTRY DANCES, once pro-  
moted

To such distinction in our revels? Voted  
Old fashion'd as the Laird of Balmawhapple.  
"Cast off," "Poussette," the modish belle de-  
rides,

As figures rude as Runic ones; "Change Sides"  
Is practised only in St. Stephen's Chapel.

Where is, I ask, our quondam friend, the REEL,  
Once footed to the liveliest of tunes?  
Scorn'd e'en by shopmen as most "ungenteel,"  
And left to Highlander and Cherokee,  
Who, though in most things else they disagree,  
Concur in their contempt for pantaloons.

But I must quit the subject, lest, in fact, I  
Become that bore, *laudator temporis acti*:  
And, since the March of Intellect, the thief,  
Hath left us our plum-pudding and roast beef,  
Methinks 'twere scarcely wisdom to repine:  
And, courteous reader, whosoe'er thou art,  
Gallant, or lovely, mayst thou bear a part  
Full oft in Christmas festivals, and thine  
Be health and joy and many a jocund meeting;  
For 'tis a merry season, and in sooth  
It glads the heart to see the cordial greeting  
Of friend with friend, and mark the smile of  
youth  
Reflected on the wrinkled brow of age.  
Oh! could I feel that this my humble page,  
When at the festive board the story lags,  
When wit grows dull, and conversation flags,  
Would fill the *yawning* chasm, and revive  
The silenced laugh, and "keep the game alive,"



I would not grudge my toil, nor vigils kept  
By flickering taper while the world hath slept :  
No, my kind public ! be your smile conferr'd on  
My labours, and I ask no richer guerdon.



HIGHLAND FLING.





**"LIGHTLY TREAD."**

## THE CARES OF CORPULENCE.

SIXTEEN years ago I was the thinnest and most satisfied of created beings; and now I am what Mr. Brooke, with a fidelity to which I am compelled to bear melancholy testimony, has depicted me in the first illustration of this article; that is to say, a fine man, in the sense in which the epithet is applied to the Bradwell ox.

I am the sixth child of parents who were rather respectable than rich; and, having made my appearance in this troublous world out of all season — unexpected and undesired — was treated, as are intruders of every description, with neglect.

I had an aunt, however, who could not comprehend why the circumstance of my being the most helpless of my family should occasion me to be the most oppressed; and having no children of her own, and happening to prefer the human face divine to that of a tom-cat or a monkey, she conceived the laudable idea of rescuing me from the clutches of a cross nursery-maid, three mischievous brothers, and two tyrannical sisters,

were chained to the desk, or doing the magnificent on parade.

My dear aunt, however — peace and the blessings of a grateful heart upon her cherished memory! — was suddenly taken from me, when I had just attained my one-and-twentieth year; and the legacy which, out of the savings of her jointure she was enabled to leave me, was totally inadequate to my maintenance in the rank of life in which I had lived. In this exigency I had recourse to my father, supposing that, as he had never done any thing for me since I was breeched, I had a slight claim upon his good offices. He thought so too, perhaps, and, therefore, exerted in my favour his interest with a gentleman high in the administration, who, having been materially benefited by his influence in some electioneering contests which were likely to be renewed, had recently expressed the pleasure he should feel in an opportunity of shewing his sense of the service.

I, accordingly, waited upon the great man, whom I found seated at breakfast, dividing his toast between himself and his greyhound. Auguring well of his partiality for the leaner portion of the creation, I presented my letter of introduction. He received me very courteously,

and condescended to inquire into the nature of my previous habits and future views. I replied, that, having been brought up to nothing, I was, of course, fit for any thing.

Assenting to so self-evident a proposition, my patron said that he thought he could venture to promise me a commission in the marines. I demurred, for I well knew the rule of promotion in a service, in which the folly of waiting for dead men's shoes is so strikingly illustrated, and saw nothing very encouraging in the prospect of being a sexagenarian first lieutenant.

He then mentioned a civil appointment in Sierra Leone, which he did not think his friend, the colonial secretary, would refuse, on his recommendation, to a gentleman of my respectability and talents. I was overwhelmed with gratitude, of course, but ventured to insinuate, that there was a medium to be observed in all things, and that the rapidity with which vacancies take place in that colony was as objectionable as the unfrequency of their occurrence in the marines.

With a smile and an elevation of the eyebrows, which seemed to imply that he thought me somewhat difficult to please, he stated, that the only thing he had it in his power to propose to me besides, was a situation which, he just recollected,

was vacant in the island of Ascension, and which he would use his interest with the First Lord of the Admiralty to obtain for me. Any thing was better than mortality or the marines; so I closed with my patron's offer, and, in three days, received the official notification of my appointment.

It was heart-rending, doubtless, to part from my dear Charlotte; but as marriage, on my slender income, was entirely out of the question, we agreed that there was nothing left for us but to submit to destiny, and postpone our happiness until I should obtain a better situation nearer home, which, I was informed, three years good behaviour in Ascension would ensure to me. I, accordingly, commenced preparation for my departure; purveyed me eight suits of clothes of the most fashionable cut and colours, with shirts and night-caps *ad infinitum*, and every appendage of the toilet in great perfection and variety.

My parting interview with Charlotte was truly affecting: a hundred times did I pronounce the fatal word "adieu!" and as often return to give and to receive assurances of eternal fidelity. At last, however, I tore myself from the dear girl, who, overwhelmed by her affliction, implored me to be constant, and send her a Chinese fan and a pair of Java sparrows.

The transport in which I embarked was a fast sailer, though a little crank, and our passage was considered a remarkably fine one, that is, it was short, but it was rather salt than sweet, for we were under water nearly the whole of the way, and I had never, either in my berth or out of it, a dry thread upon me for four-and-twenty hours together. Thus it happened that, at the end of the voyage, I was as completely pickled as any barrel of pork in the ship.

The first sight of Ascension is by no means prepossessing to a man who looks at it as the place of his future abode; it being a misshapen mass of volcanic matter, flung up in the middle of the Atlantic, as black and barren as a cinder heap, which nothing but political necessity, or a shipwreck, could have made the residence of any human being except an alderman, to whom the turtle would, doubtless, prove attractive.

On landing, or rather disembarking, for there was no land, that I could ever discover, in the place, I found the establishment of the island to consist of three melancholy officers, and a handful of men, under the command of a captain of marines, an elderly person of course. He was a mild, gentlemanly veteran, with a peculiar, though exceedingly good-humoured cast of coun-



tenance, tapering off to a point, in a manner to which the pencil will do more justice than the pen, and I therefore present the reader with a portrait of



CAPTAIN SITLEY, R. M.

I was welcomed by the gallant captain and his subalterns with much courtesy and kindness; and, as the last arrival from England, was, for some days, an object of interest. The novelty, however, soon wearing off, I became as great a bore as the rest, and contributed my quota to the common fund of ennui. The stock jokes of so small a community soon lose their piquancy, and a hearty laugh was as great a rarity among us as a sail.

Our amusements were chiefly confined to

smoking cheroots, drinking wine and water, and playing at chess on the sands. Our tædium was occasionally relieved by the arrival of a homeward-bound East Indiaman, and an excursion to hunt the wild goats which frequented the mountains, although where they found sustenance, unless they browsed on each other's beards, I am, to this hour, at a loss to conjecture.

I had never, previously to my departure from England, troubled myself to make any inquiries as to the population of the place to which I had been appointed, and I was, therefore, inexpressibly chagrined when I discovered that the only females on the island, before whom I could parade my fashionable costume and genteel person, were two sergeants' wives and a negress.

My regrets, however, on this head were soon absorbed by more serious causes of uneasiness; for I began to find that idleness and turtle steaks have a marvellous tendency to fatten,—a circumstance which I was very reluctant in believing, but I had soon other evidence of the fact than the congratulations of my co-exiles. My buttons and button-holes began to tear each other to pieces, and, at last, were not to be reconciled on any terms; so that, before I had been fifteen

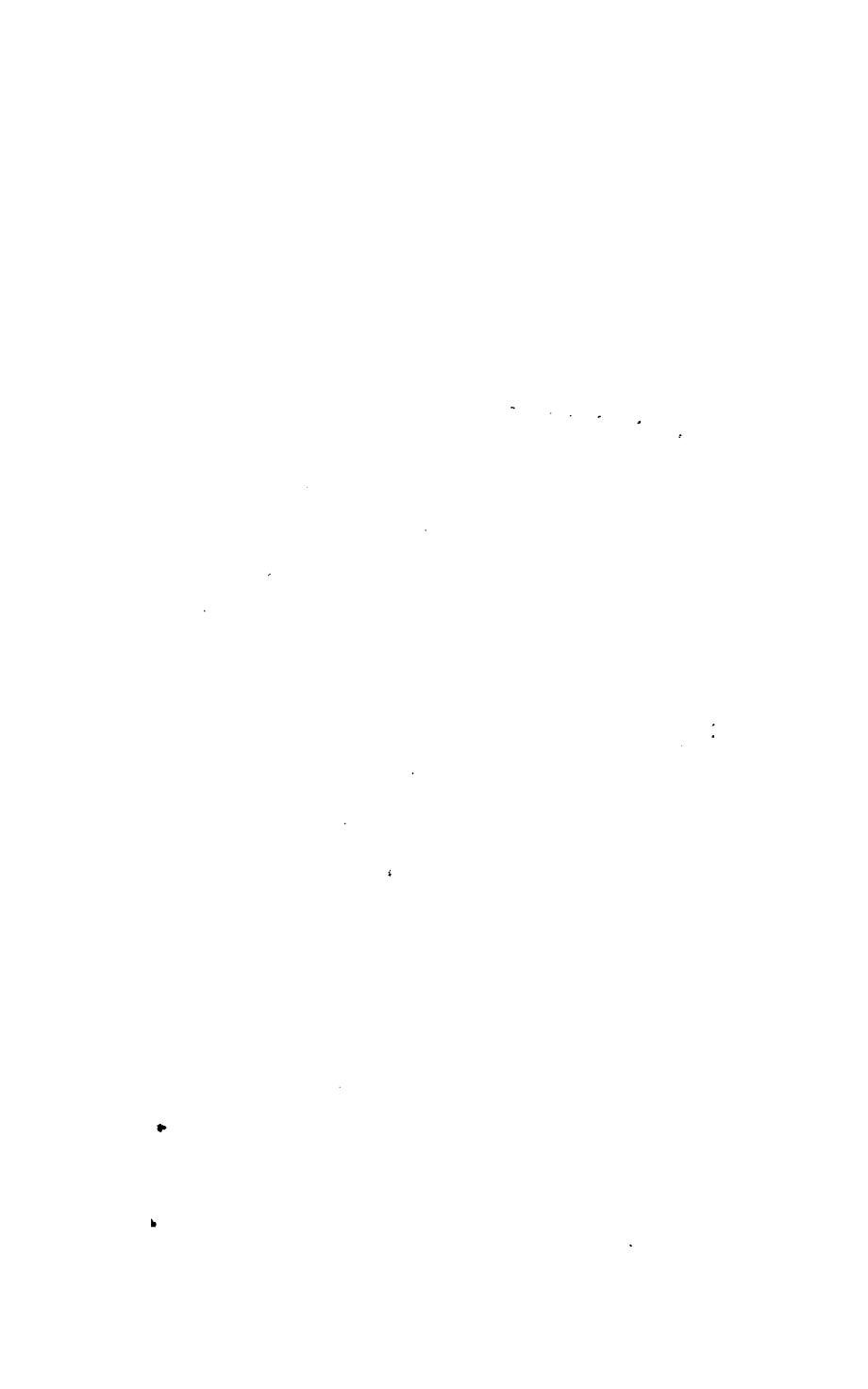
months in Ascension, the lapels of my coat were under my arms, my trousers became pantaloons, and my *tout ensemble* was so grotesque, that I was frequently mistaken, by strangers who touched at the island, for one of the aborigines of the country.

The sketch of the turnstile is a happy, I should rather say, a melancholy illustration of the superior facilities possessed by thin persons over fat ones, in their progress through the world, and the sequel of my history is corroborative of the fact.

At the end of two years, the most tedious in my existence, I received a letter from home, announcing that, by the death of a wealthy relative, to whom I had never spoken, I had been made an independent gentleman; my first acts in which character were to resign my appointment, and return to old England by the next vessel. On my arrival, I flew, on the wings of love and impatience, to Charlotte, who received me with an exclamation indicative rather of surprise than pleasure. I saw, at a glance, how the matter stood. Fat, though well enough in a Cupid, is not to be endured in a lover; and my obesity, I found, was as fatal to my suits at home, as it had proved to them in the Atlantic.



**FAST AND LOOSE.**



I renewed my vows, but to no purpose. The lady declined to proceed in the matter, alleging, not that she had changed, but that I had. There was no gainsaying it: I was indeed an altered man, and no longer the thin, pale, romantic-looking youth, to whom she had plighted her faith. I had no medium of remonstrance but the law, — the means expensive, the result uncertain, — so I deemed it expedient to put up with the first loss, and to resign the lady, who, three months afterwards, united herself to six feet of humanity, in the shape of a young guardsman, — all legs, neck, and scarlet, like a flamingo.

I have lived to outgrow my disappointment, but the cause of it remains, and is productive of daily inconveniences and mortifications. I am fond of skating, and, despite of my bulk, am no indifferent performer. Having a desire to display my proficiency to the fashionable world, I proceeded, the other day, to the Serpentine; but, before I could make a few preliminary flourishes, spectators and skaters fled from my perilous vicinity in all directions, as if I had been an ogre or a bailiff; so that, as far as exhibition was concerned, I might as well have been teaching the rudiments of arithmetic to white bears and wal-

ruses, by cutting figures of eight upon an iceberg.

I have also a great passion for excursions on the river, but am never able to make up a party among my friends, who allege, that it is utterly impossible to trim any craft smaller than a coal-barge, with a man of my dimensions on board.

As a concluding instance of the inconveniences of corpulence, I would mention, that, happening once to be in a house which had taken fire, I rushed to the only channel of escape, namely, a small window on the ground-floor, through which the other inmates passed with facility and safety. I, however, was arrested *in transitu*, having been able to force only my head and shoulders through the aperture; and had not the foreman of the Hope adroitly brought a stream of water to bear upon that part of me which, to use a military phrase, was exposed to a galling fire, the consequences might have been serious. Owing, however, to this hydropyric manœuvre, sufficient time was gained to work my deliverance, by breaking away the upper part of the sash; and thus, by the exertions of the Hope, I was rescued from the fate of the Phoenix.

I could swell my catalogue of the "Cares of

Corpulence" to a volume, but I refrain, lest my *dilations* become as tiresome to the reader as they are inconvenient to myself.



THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.



## THE ZOOLOGIST.

SIR Benjamin Bos, a rich knight,  
I remember a student at college ; he  
In that science took wondrous delight,  
Yclep'd by the learned Zoology.

In his rooms, when at Oxford, he pack'd  
A host of expensive monstrosities,  
Birds, fishes, beasts, insects,—in fact,  
All sorts of defunct curiosities.

He had lizards and serpents, high-dried  
Like Lundy Foot's snuff ;—where he got 'em I  
Don't know ; and he sported beside  
A stuff'd pair of young hippopotami.

When he came to his princely estate,  
With an ardour which nothing could cure, he  
Obtain'd, through his agents, a great  
Importation of *feræ naturæ*.

To his senate of brutes, whence escape  
Was met by all sorts of preventatives,  
Two lions were sent from the Cape,  
While the monkeys had six representatives.



**FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.**

Some turbulent spirits, at last,  
Grew weary of man for their master ;  
Thus it happened that scarce a day pass'd  
Unmark'd by some novel disaster.

First the boa escaped ; — I'll engage  
You'll not guess how he did it, the elf !  
Having first of all bolted his cage —  
A small mouthful ! — he bolted himself.

From which fact and the stories some give  
Of this species of serpent, 'twill follow,  
A more gullible creature can't live,  
Since there's nothing too large for his swallow.

The keepers, of course, were all set  
The reptile's retreat to discover ;  
They hunted till night came, and yet  
No tidings were gain'd of the rover.

They had giv'n up the search, and the knight  
Sought his room, on his evil stars railing ;  
When he found not a chair placed aright,  
But the greatest disorder prevailing.

“ A slatternly hussy ! ” he said,  
As he rang for the maid to convict her ;  
When lo ! fast asleep on the bed,  
Lay his friend, the lost boa constrictor.



POLY-PHEMUS, A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.



I know not the method he took  
To divorce the huge reptile *à toro*;  
But one thing is sure, he awoke  
To fresh causes of grief on the morrow.

A young tiger had clear'd at a bound  
The wall of his yard, and the glutton  
'Mid the flock of a neighbour was found,  
Turning sheep very fast into mutton.

But one day, to crown all, a baboon,  
Who had managed to slip from his tether,  
Stole the keys from the keeper, and soon  
Let loose all his comrades together.

Some took to the garden, while some  
Of more taste, made the house their election ;  
Where the folks deem'd their last hour was come,  
And fled in all ways for protection.

The cook-maid had almost paid dearly  
For the knight's zoological folly,  
Since a hungry old wolf very nearly  
Had fractured his fast upon Dolly.

A wild boar took the fields, where the brute  
Remain'd for a short time perdu ;  
Till a Nimrod, of no small repute,  
Prepared with his train to pursue.

With horseman, and stag-hound, and horn,  
The country he scour'd for a while ;  
When the beast, who'd been hid in some corn,  
Broke cover in excellent style.

Having run for some time, he stopp'd short ;  
“ I've been trotting,” said he, “ I opine,  
Some half-dozen miles for their sport ;—  
They shall run a few furlongs for mine.”

Forthwith, with an ominous grunt,  
He turn'd, his pursuers to face ;  
When those who were last in the hunt,  
Became suddenly first in the race.

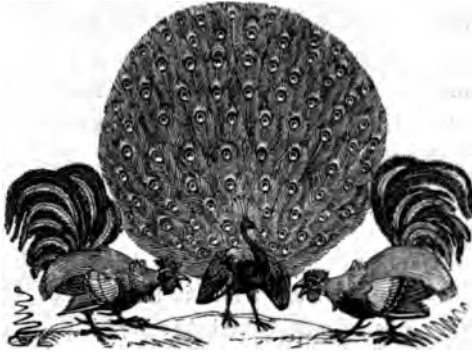
With no wish to be in at the death,  
They all gallopp'd home to their wives ;  
And exclaim'd, when they'd gain'd enough breath,  
They were never so *bored* in their lives.

Meantime, the knight leaves his brute friends  
To their fate without word of apology ;  
And his course, in a chaise and four, bends  
To the Bruton-street man of zoology.

“ You've some odd brutes around you, dear  
Vigors,”  
He said ; “ now 's your season for matching  
them ;

For my lions, and lynxes, and tigers,  
May be had for the trouble of catching them."

Whether V. took the beasts, as reported,  
I don't know; but if not, in such fear of them  
Lived the knight, that he doubtless resorted  
To some other means to get clear of them.



TAIL-PIECE.




## BLUE BESS,

A TALE OF THE SEA.

ELIZABETH DIP, or Blue Bess, as, from the colour of the flannel wrapper in which she pursued her calling, she was familiarly termed, was a bathing woman at a small watering-place on the coast of Kent. Her origin is involved in great obscurity, and therefore it is conjectured that, like her Cytherean prototype, she was born of the froth of her favourite element.

Elizabeth was as androgynous in her appearance, as she was amphibious in her habits. Her stature was gigantic, and her limbs perfectly Herculean. She was stout, but not corpulent; while her features, to use a scientific phrase, displayed considerable breadth of expression, and were of a complexion that had defied the combined attacks of time and weather for forty years, during which it is affirmed by those who knew her, that for that period she never appeared to grow a day older. Her hair, which was jet black, was unrestrained by comb or riband,





EPICENE.

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and, as Paddy would say, she would certainly have had a beard if she had not shaved.

The epicene character of our heroine's external was not, however, heightened by any affectation of masculine manner; on the contrary, she asserted her claims to the appellation of one of the fair sex, by wearing a string of beads as large as billiard balls, and, in either ear, a ring which, in point of size, would have been a more appropriate adjunct to a kedge anchor.

In deference to her sex, I should have passed over Elizabeth's attachment to smoking; but as Mr. Brooke has furnished the reader with evidence of the fact *from her own lips*, I will e'en make a clear breast of it, and confess that she also drank; and that her potations were somewhat of the strongest, although, to the credit of her sobriety be it recorded, they were confined exclusively to Bohea.

The terrific strength of the elephant is, in a manner, neutralised by the docility and mildness of his disposition; nor was the lamented and slandered Chuny an exception to the rule, inasmuch as it has been proved, that the irregularities of his latter days were attributable, not to temper, but to the toothache. Blue Bess was as happily distinguished by her pacific habits,

and, although somewhat of an economist in words, was civil and obliging, as well to her neighbours as her customers.

With fear she seemed to have not the remotest personal acquaintance, for, although she locked up the stable containing the Rosinante with which she navigated her bathing-machine, alleging that some graceless fellow might run away with it, she felt assured, that, at her years, few would make the like experiment on herself. Accordingly, she neglected the usual precaution of her neighbours, and commonly slept with her door open in the summer, and upon the latch in the winter; while of blunderbuss or pistol she had little need, since, as the reader will perceive by a glance at her portrait, she had every reason to be satisfied with the *arms* with which nature had provided her.

On one occasion, however, a clerk of St. Nicholas, not having the fear of Lord Althorp's tax on transfers before his eyes, and knowing her to be a "lone woman," made an effort at the proprietorship of a certain sum of money which Elizabeth was reported to have saved. Our heroine, it seemed, on the night in question, had retired late to rest; and being obliged to rise at day-break, had not made her evening

toilet, but lay down to sleep in her ordinary habiliments.

The rogue, having searched in vain for the depository of her treasure, resolved, at last, on applying at once to the most authentic source for information on the subject; and, accordingly, giving the sleeping beauty a shake, he addressed her with "If you don't tell me where you keep your mon —" but "*vox faucibus hæsit*" by reason of Betty's thumb upon his windpipe, effectually destroying all communication between his thoughts and utterance.

"Where do I keep my money, quotha? why in the savings bank, to be sure, you thief, as safely as you will be in the cage before sunrise." So saying, she dragged him to the door, and, having alarmed her neighbours, handed over the intruder to a constable, with a face whose complexion resembled rather that of Othello than Desdemona.

The culprit was taken before a magistrate in the morning, but the fact of Mrs. Dip's door having been left open, rendered the commission of a burglary somewhat questionable, while she pleaded very strongly in the rogue's behalf, alleging, that she had given him such a foretaste of strangulation, as she hoped would deter him from putting his neck in peril for the future. Under

these circumstances, the fellow was condemned to the three months' personal restraint, usually though most injuriously imposed on individuals convicted of no other offence than that of being gentlemen living on their means.

Nor were Elizabeth's strength and intrepidity less zealously applied on occasions not involving her own interest or safety. It is well known that, in defiance of certain *preventive* measures, the shores of Great Britain, like those of the Styx, are haunted by *spirits*, who, of course, are only visible at night, and, to vulgar eyes not always then.

A party of tars, under the command of a lieutenant, in no degree appalled by the phenomenon of the said spirits making their way up the country upon legs of flesh, attempted to intercept their progress. A furious conflict ensued, during which the officer was separated from his men, and, having been disabled by a wound in the leg, was left at the mercy of one of his opponents. The smuggler, supporting a keg of liquor on his shoulder with one hand, drew a pistol from his belt with the other, and presented it at the lieutenant; but, ere he could discharge it at his intended victim, the iron grasp of Blue Bess was upon his wrist, and exclaiming, "Hold! you have load enough upon your shoulders, without



**SPIRITS MOUNTED AND UNDER ARMS.**



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adding a murder to it," she fired the pistol in the air. The smuggler gazed for a moment on the interceptor of his vengeance, and saying, "I believe you are right, old girl;" scampered after his companions.



MOUNTAIN DEW.

Had the promulgation of the adventure rested with Elizabeth, it would not have been in my power thus to put it upon record, for she never made the remotest allusion to it. The

lieutenant, however, had the manliness, as well as the gratitude, publicly to acknowledge the obligation, regardless of the raillery which the circumstance of his having been indebted to a woman for his life elicited from his brother-officers.

Elizabeth, for many years, had the bathing business of the village to herself, until, at last, some London capitalists conceived the notable idea of establishing a joint stock concern, under the euphonous title of "*The Royal Patent Safe Steam Capstan Waterproof Bathing Company.*" They commenced by starting two machines against Mrs. Dip's, and, as they were worked at twice the expense of hers, while the prices to the bathees were just half her charge, the new concern could not but be prosperous — and it prospered accordingly.

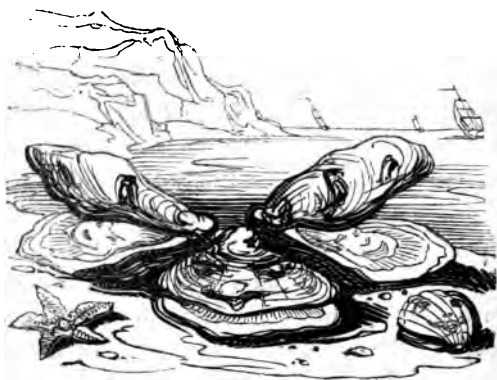
The company's plan, it must be acknowledged, was a manifest improvement upon Bessy's, since, as has been hinted, our modern Amphitrite's marine chariot was drawn by a sea-horse (for he was as amphibious as herself), whereas the R. P. S. C. W. B. Company's machine was let down into the sea, and withdrawn by means of a capstan fixed on shore and worked by steam, and was attended, not by a horse, but by two asses, in oiled

skin breeches, named *conducteurs*. Elizabeth, again, was wont to souse her customers over head and ears, without respect of persons, and to return them, dripping and breathless, into the machine ; whereas the bathees of the “ new concern ” were all provided with patent water-proof India-rubber dresses, protected by which, they came out of the water as dry as they went into it.

Elizabeth, albeit of a sex not celebrated for the patience with which they endure opposition, was neither sulky nor sorrowful on the occasion ; but, although deprived of half her custom, maintained her temper, her prices, and her civility, with the most exemplary philosophy.

It happened one morning, towards the end of September, that a pretty stiff breeze was blowing in shore, and the waves were lashing the shingle as though Neptune had got into a foaming passion with Tellus, and was endeavouring to flog her into good behaviour. A fleet of fishing-craft, which had been out all night, was running for the harbour, while some of them were in a condition which proved, that if they had not been promptly *baled* by their navigators, they would have been consigned, by a summary process, to Mr. Jones’s lock-up-house. A huge Irish steamer, which, with one paddle-box out of the water, had been vainly endeavouring to keep on

The accident, however, was fatal to the "Royal Patent Safe Steam Capstan Waterproof Bathing Company," doubtless on account of the very strong prejudice which most persons entertain against coming to their end by means of a *rope*. Blue Bess not only regained all her old custom, but had such an accession of business, that she purchased the machines of the "opposition" at half their cost, and increased her establishment by a brace of deputy dippers.



THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LANT.

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RUFUS KNIGHTS.

## DICK DOWLAS.

DICK DOWLAS was my hero's name,  
A gallant youth and taper,  
Who seven long years, apprenticed, served  
A retail linen-draper.

But he'd a soul above his trade,  
And thought his fate was hard ;  
Condemn'd — a tar was better off —  
For ever to the *yard*.

His bosom with romance was fired ;  
He'd read each martial story,  
From Thomas Thumb to Ivanhoe,  
And envied each their glory.

And when his shop-companions all  
Were snugly wrapp'd in sleep,  
Perch'd at his garret casement, oft  
Would Dick late vigils keep ;

While Fancy, as he gazed thereout,  
Excursive wing'd her flight,  
And he in every chimney-pot  
Beheld a helmed knight.



He saw their gaily lacker'd crests  
Bright in the moonbeams glance,  
And deem'd, it was a *vane* conceit,  
Each weather-cock a lance.

"I've cut long cloth," said he, "too long  
'Tis time, I trow, to stop;"  
And so, to cut the matter short,  
Our hero cut the shop.

He lit a half-expired cigar  
With his expired indentures;  
And, like La Mancha's doughty knight,  
Set out to seek adventures.

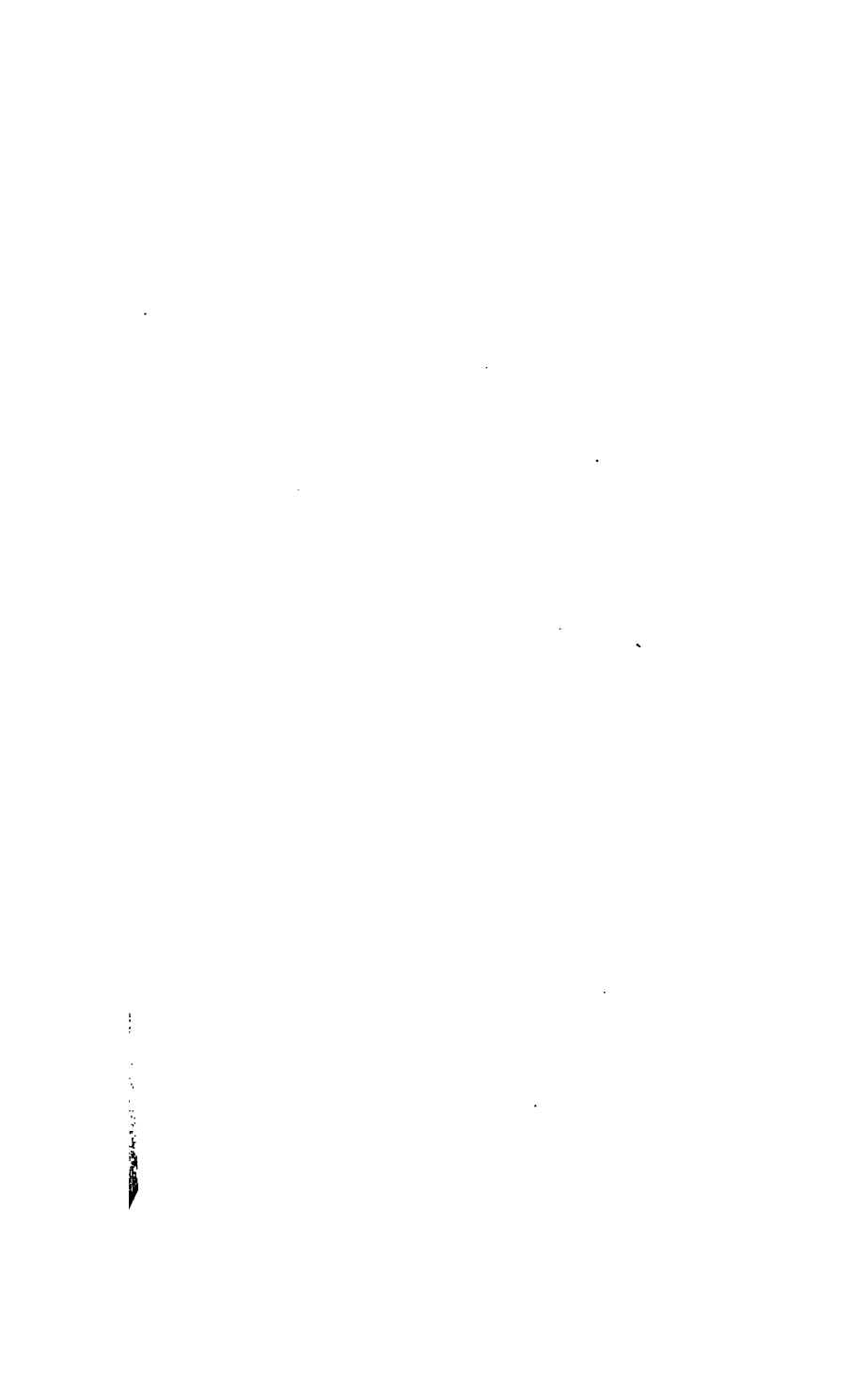
Yet had he, what the Don had not,  
A dread of war's disasters;  
For laurels, though nice summer wear,  
Dick knew made sorry plasters.

So, like a prudent lad, he took  
The resolution sage,  
While others travell'd *post* to fame,  
To go upon the *stage*.

And straight he sought enrolment in  
A locomotive corps;  
For Dick, by stealth, had often trod  
The Thespian boards before.



**DON QUIXOTE.**



He found old Strut, the manager,  
Perch'd on a drum at luncheon;  
His wife, the while, was rolling paste  
With Julius Cæsar's truncheon.

"What wouldst thou with our majesty?"  
He ask'd; but Dick, deterr'd  
By Strut's imposing manner, paused  
Ere he his suit preferr'd.

"I have a suit," said Dick. "A suit?  
You're just the man we want,"  
Replied the hero of the sock,  
Whose wardrobe was but scant.

Then, *sotto voce*, he pursued,  
"A coat as good as new, —  
Waistcoat and trousers none the worse  
For wear — my lad you'll do!"

Strut well might deem a suit of clothes  
The best of fortune's boons,  
Whose Hamlets play'd in Highland kilts,  
For lack of pantaloons.

His troop their clothes in common held;  
And not a man, 'twas known,  
In all the company, presumed  
To call his coat his own.

Thus, while the large men's jackets oft  
Were made to fit the small,  
The short and thick ones' trousers served  
For breeches to the tall.

Glancing at Dick's investiture,  
Fair Belvidera rose,  
(For she, with hair *en papillotes*,  
Was darning Jaffier's hose),

And vanish'd with the speed of light,  
To bid the printer note,  
In that night's novelties, that Pierre  
Would play in a whole coat.

The bargain soon was made, and Strut  
Engaged the stage-struck wight ;  
Our Dick performing twice a-week,—  
His wardrobe every night.

A suit of clothes, with one man's wear,  
Won't look for ever new ;  
And Richard's, worn by half-a-score,  
Soon wondrous rusty grew.

His shirts went one by one, until  
The last, with many a rub,  
Wreck'd in a storm of soap-suds, went  
To pieces in the tub.

On all our hero's hardships 'twould  
Be painful to enlarge ;  
But when his suit was quite worn out,  
Strut gave him his discharge.

Cries Dick, " You've acted very ill."  
Says Strut, " That may be true,  
And yet it were no easy thing  
To *act* much worse than you.

" I only hired your suit ; I'm sure  
You've no cause to repine ;  
And if you would act heroes in't,  
'Twas your affair, not mine."

" I'll not deny," says Dick, " that I  
Consented to the *wear* ;  
But, Sir, you'll recollect I made  
No bargain for the *tear*.

" Look at my mutilated coat ;—  
I think, Sir, you'll perceive  
That if I felt inclined to laugh,  
'Twould not be in my *sleeve*."

But vainly, as a tar would say,  
Did Richard " spin his yarn ;"  
Strut told him very plainly 'twas  
His " last night" in the barn.

But Dick, indignant, went forthwith  
And sought his former master's,  
Who, though he blamed him, pitied much  
Poor Dowlas's disasters.

Once more the linen-draper's shop  
Allow'd his bread to win in,  
Dick could not hide his joy, he'd been  
So long estranged from linen.



COMIC AND TRAGIC MUSE.

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**BEN BLOCK AND TOM STARBOARD.**

## THE VETERANS.

WHEN Sir Benjamin Boreas, the tauriphobic admiral whom I had the pleasure to introduce to the readers of our last year's volume, retired from the glories and fatigues of war, he offered free quarters, at his country mansion, to a brace of Veterans, who, for many years, had followed him from ship to ship, and, like him, had not quite so much to *shew* for their pensions as certain more fashionable stipendiaries, inasmuch as the gallant tars had lost each an eye, and one of them a limb, in the service of their country. A proposal so liberal could not but prove acceptable to Ben Block the carpenter's mate, and Tom Starboard the boatswain, who had, to use their own expression, been "knocking about," in all parts of the world, "man and boy," for five-and-forty years.

In intimating that Block and Starboard were unmarried, I will not adopt an ordinary phrase and say they were without encumbrance, inasmuch as I happen to be within arm's-length of one who might suggest the possibility of my

finding in our copious vocabulary a more gallant synonyme for wife. It is reported that they were deterred from matrimony by their having remarked that, whenever the Admiral's lady came on board, he was superseded in his command.

At first the Veterans were quartered among the domestics,—an arrangement which, while its novelty lasted, appeared agreeable enough to all parties. They were both of them useful fellows about a house; Block, in his vocation, as mender-general of chairs and tables, was seldom unemployed — for, when he could not find a job to his hand, he usually contrived to make one. Nor did Tom eat the bread of idleness; his whistle did the duty of the great bell used in most large houses for summoning the family together; and he was, moreover, maugre his wooden leg, an expeditious and confidential messenger to the neighbouring market-town, an office for which, he was wont to say, he was peculiarly qualified, inasmuch as he could never tire but on one foot.

On an occasion, requiring extraordinary despatch, Tom was induced to attempt a journey on horseback; an experiment, however, which, it is asserted, he never repeated. A man who could keep his footing upon the yard-arm in the Bay

of Biscay, would have been irretrievably disgraced by a fall from a horse ; and, accordingly, our tar, by dint of firmly grasping the hinder part of the saddle with one hand, and the mane with the other, kept his seat most manfully.




TAKING CARE OF THE MAIN CHANCE.

Unfortunately, however, as he had always been accustomed to steer a vessel at the stern, he never dreamed of guiding his steed by the head ; the consequence of which was, that the animal ran with him fifteen miles without stopping ; and Tom was never seen or heard of for three days afterwards, when he returned and accounted for his absence by saying he had been wind-bound at the Black Lion.

They also assisted in navigating a barge (a somewhat ancient affair), which the Admiral kept on a lake, until, unluckily, one day, when Sir Benjamin, Lady Boreas, and Miss Europa had embarked on a fishing excursion, Tom Starboard thrust his wooden leg through the bottom of the craft; and had not his messmate Ben, with admirable presence of mind, seized him by the collar, and prevented him from withdrawing it, the three Veterans, after having so long braved "the battle and the breeze," would have met an inglorious grave, by foundering in fresh water.

The honest seamen, however, began soon to grow weary of a mode of life so uncongenial with their former habits. Having been accustomed to swing in hammocks, they complained that they could not get more than half "the ship's allowance" of rest, in a feather-bed: on which occasion, one of the footmen, who set up for a wag, remarked that half a night's sleep was enough for a man with one eye. Block, who had a mortal antipathy to the knights of the tag and cane, would, in "the twinkling of a handspike," have qualified the wit for making the experiment, had not Starboard interposed, by observing, that it was beneath a gentleman to strike a lady or a lackey. The tars, more-






interlarding his speeches to her with " Bless your handsome face!" an epithet, by the way, which he was believed to have applied to her ladyship's countenance from its remarkable resemblance to the figure-head of his " crack" frigate, the Medusa.

As a method of delivering his old followers from the annoyances to which he saw they were exposed in his family, the Admiral made them an offer of a piece of ground on his estate, on which they might build a house according to their own fancy, and promised them timber for the purpose. Accepting the proposal with much gratitude, Block and his messmate set to work, and in a few weeks produced an edifice which, in the eyes of the country-people, had marvellously the appearance of a house built roof downwards, but which, in reality, was as close a resemblance to the midships of a man-of-war as their materials enabled them to construct.

From their new residence, the lubberly conveniences of an ordinary dwelling-house were, of course, carefully excluded. The necessity of a door was superseded by the superior contrivance of a riddle ladder from the ground to the roof, in short, if the reader will have it so, whence another flight of stairs conducted to the interior.



Port-holes were adopted in preference to glazed sashes or casements, as being more "ship-shape," and an effectual security against broken windows.

For many years did these eccentric but honest seamen occupy their amphibious abode, in perfect content and harmony with each other. Block paid some deference to Starboard, as his superior officer, usually addressing him "Sir," and yielding him the windward side when walking the deck together. For the rest, they "did the duty of the ship," as they termed it, between them, taking the watch "spell and spell about;" and thus, to use their own facetious expression, they always slept with one eye open.

They were liberally "victualled" and "found in stores" by the Admiral, by whom and his family they were frequently visited. One morning, while Sir Benjamin was dressing, he observed that the flag, which his veteran friends were in the habit of hoisting on special occasions, was flying half-mast high. Having finished his toilette in haste, he rushed out of the house, exclaiming, "Starboard has slipped his cable!" and made the best of his way to their dwelling.



Omitting the usual ceremony of hailing the ship, the Admiral mounted the ladder, and discovered Block busily engaged in constructing a coffin. "What cheer, brother?" exclaimed Sir Benjamin, "and where's your consort?"

"Parted company, your honour," was Ben's reply, in a voice as firm as he could assume, "at six A.M. with a fair wind and a flowing sheet; and as, for some years past, he has been steering his ship by what our chaplain used to call the only true chart, I hope he's safe moored by this time."

Block would not allow of the interference of an undertaker in the arrangements for the funeral of his deceased friend; but engaged six of his old messmates, who happened to be at a neighbouring port, to carry the remains to their last home.

When the service was finished, Ben gazed upon the coffin for a few seconds, and then, dashing away the tears which had gathered upon his cheek, he turned to his old companions, and, pointing to the grave, said — "There lies the hull of as true a sailor as ever broke the king's biscuit; he has shaped his course to that haven where there is neither shoal, nor quicksand, nor

cross current, nor foul weather. Messmates, if there be any among you who are sailing upon a wrong course, take a seaman's advice, put the ship about, and bear up for the same port."



WILL WATCH.

## HEART FOR HEART;

### OR, O'SLAUGHTER'S COURTSHIP.

YOUNG Phelim O'Slaughter was born in Kildare—  
I can't tell, for the life of me, what he did there;  
But somehow for the isle he conceived a dislike  
Where they hang'd for the trifle of trailing a pike;  
And, without giving landlord or tithe-proctor  
warning,  
Bade adieu to green Erin one sunshiny morning.

He reach'd London, that city of darkness and dirt,  
With ten pounds snugly tied in the sleeve of his  
shirt;  
With which round sum in cash, and, moreover, a  
tongue  
Rich in Flattery's small-change for wrinkled and  
young,  
(For what would an Irishman, sir, without blarney  
be ?)  
He set up a stall in the market of Carnaby.

As to person, he'd shoulders which measured, I  
ween,  
The Milesian width, just a cloth-yard between :



QUARTER-MASTER GENERAL.

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He'd a mouth full of teeth, and a nose (if you ask us)  
Much resembling in colour a rose of Damascus,  
Only double the size,—while it shed, by reflection,  
A delicate tint on our hero's complexion.

Phelim's shop with the fair sex soon got into vogue,  
They were all so bewitch'd with his blarney and  
brogue;  
They ne'er gave him a call, but an hour they  
would stay with him:  
“ Dear Mr. O'Slaughter! he has such a way with  
him,  
There is something so sweet in his voice and his  
looks,  
That would coax you to buy all the joints on his  
hooks.”

Should a dame come to cheapen some veal, and  
complain  
Of its colour; says he, “ Is it colour you *mane*?  
It's your delicate arm,—that's a darling, now  
hide it,—  
For the whitest of *vale* would look bull-beef be-  
side it.”  
When, to pay for her purchase, she pulls out the  
money, [honey.”  
Says he, “ Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of



“ That’s lucky,” cries he, whom no damper could  
stop,  
“ As it happens, there’s not a calf’s heart in my  
shop ;  
Here’s the thing that will *plase* you — come bear  
a hand, Thady,  
Put this heart in your tray, and trot after the lady.”  
“ But the price, sir ?” cries she. Says he, “ Is it  
the price ?  
You’re as welcome as life, never say the word twice.”

The damsel was rich, Phelim knew all the while—  
Kate Mahoney hight, from his own verdant isle ;  
The *a* sounding broad in the ears of the town,  
She to Katy *May-honey* had soften’d it down.  
“ And why not ?” said Pat, who his love could not  
smother ;  
“ She’s as fair as the one, and as sweet as the  
other.”

O’Slaughter, his love growing stronger and stronger,  
Exclaim’d, “ By St. Pat, I can bear it no longer !”  
So he said to the dame, “ Of trades I’ve now two —  
I kill sheep for myself, and I’m *dyeing* for you :  
Then, sweet Kitty, have pity — you’ll kill me with  
scorn,  
And make this house a *die*-house, as sure as you’re  
born.”



Sax replied, with a simper regarding the youth,  
 "Dear Mr. O'Slaughter, to tell you the truth,  
 The heart which you were so exceedingly kind  
 to send me, turn'd out, sir, so much to my  
 mind.

That I freely confess, without blarney or pother,  
 don't care if I come to your shop for another."



IN RILE AND SQUEAK.





A PAIR OF BELLOWS.


## THE BULL AND THE BARBER.

LANCELOT LATHERWELL was the only barber in his village ;—a man of no small importance in his own opinion, as well as in fact, seeing that he was familiar with all the *heads* of the place. The chief instrument of his power, however, was his razor,—a sceptre which he wielded somewhat absolutely perhaps, but uniformly with a regard to the welfare of his subjects, who were rather numerous, and consisted of such as were unable to shave themselves.

In their labours for the moral amelioration of mankind, philosophers have aimed to convince the understanding, and divines to touch the heart ; but Lant addressed himself to the chin. Was it proved to the satisfaction, or rather *dissatisfaction*, of Latherwell, that a neighbour had beaten his wife, or spent his week's wages at a public house, instead of taking them home to his family—the culprit became a marked man,—he was known by his beard,—which the shaver pertinaciously refused to touch until the wearer had exhibited

symptoms of repentance and amended manners. The delinquent, becoming an object for the finger of scorn to point at, was usually followed and hooted at by all the boys in the district; and it rarely happened that a villager had the courage to subject himself a second time to the disgrace and inconvenience consequent upon the "barber's ban."

Latherwell, like a humane general, pursued his vocation with as little bloodshed as possible; indeed, he was wont to boast, that, since the days of his apprenticeship, he had drawn the purple stream but once, and that on the following occasion. One hot morning, while Lant was exercising his tonsorial functions upon a wealthy farmer, a short-horned bull, doubtless with a view of exciting the hair-dresser's emulation, thrust through the open window a head as nicely curled, and, perhaps, as sensible, as the most fashionable of our hero's patrons. Not succeeding in immediately attracting attention, the animal addressed itself to Lant's ear, with an effect which had nearly proved fatal to that of his customer; for the operator, who had a mortal dread of horned cattle, and of the squire's bull in particular, was so startled at the roar and the apparition, that, with an involuntary flourish



of his razor, he had well nigh cropped the farmer as close as any terrier in the village. Fear is doubtless an exaggerator, but Latherwell maintains that the bull not only emitted fire from its nostrils, but that it scorched his right whisker, which, maugre the application of three bottles of Macassar, has never thriven properly since.

The farmer, who had, in truth, sustained but little injury, started up in Lant's table-cloth, in which, preparatory to the operation, he had been enveloped, and rushed into the street, like the ghost of Banquo, bleeding, and breathing vengeance, and spreading consternation, as he went. The whole village was in an uproar, and a variety of contradictory reports as to the cause of the catastrophe were current. The most generally received account, however, not only stated that the barber had attacked the agriculturist, "with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," but was exceedingly circumstantial as to the origin of their quarrel. "The farmer," said rumour, "having a great dread of baldness, as indicative of age, had inquired of Lant, if he did not think his hair was grown thicker? To which the other replied, No, but that he thought his head was; and, by way of a crowning climax, recommended him to select some public charity to which to

leave his wealth, for that he certainly would die without a *hair*. Thereupon, the farmer, taking advantage of Lant's convenient position, had kicked his shins with his iron-tipped half-boots; and that the barber had retaliated by shaving off his customer's ear at a stroke."

Meanwhile the farmer, not satisfied with having the injury dressed by a surgeon, repaired to his attorney to get it *redressed*. Lawyers and prize-fighters are the only persons on earth who profit by black eyes and bloody noses. The pettifogger in question owed the distinction of being the most respectable solicitor in the village, to the circumstance of his being the only one in it. He told the farmer that he had been shamefully, scandalously, *barberously* used. The lawyer lied of course, and said an action would lie also, and therein he lied again.

An action, however, was brought at the next assizes, which arrived almost before Lant had recovered from the consternation into which the notice of the proceedings had thrown him. On the morning previous to the day on which the cause was expected to come on, the shaver was called upon for a cast of his office by a gentleman of some consequence in the neighbourhood, who, observing our hero to be unusually depressed

and eliciting the source of his uneasiness, despatched him, instantler, to the assize town with a letter to a barrister, explaining the case, and soliciting his good offices on the occasion.

The barrister, struck by the whimsicality of the circumstances, returned Latherwell his fee, and told him he would plead his cause for "the love of the thing."

The trial came on before a jury, whose countenances alone would have qualified them as members of a club of "Odd Fellows." The plaintiff's counsel commenced with a disquisition on ears; touched upon the sensitiveness of Priscian's, and alluded to those of Dionysius, who, as would doubtless, he said, be in the classical recollections of the jury, had three ears, though two only of them, he Hibernically added, were pairs. Having considered the subject morally, physically, and anatomically, he took another *field*, and dwelt upon the value of *ears* to farmers in particular, maintaining that they could not get their *bread* without them. He next referred to asses' ears; and concluded by such a stentorian appeal to those of the jury, that every man of them had as just ground of action against the counsel, as the farmer had against the barber.

The witnesses for the plaintiff having been examined and cross-examined, the defendant's



## TAMING A TARTAR.

LET other bards extol the dames  
Who shine at ball or rout,  
Be mine the task to sing the charms  
Of Miss Susannah Stout ;

Who, though a country damsel, might  
A classic namesake claim,  
For Sukey, as pronounced in Greek,  
Was Cupid's sweetheart's name.

And many were the swains who sought  
To win her bosom's jewel ;  
But Susan, though as Dian fair,  
Was twenty times as cruel.

When Simon Slim implored the dame,  
With sighs and bitter tears,  
To yield her hand ; " Pray take it, sir,"  
Said she, " upon your ears."

While Peter Prim, who rashly dared  
The same rich boon to seek,  
Received, from fair Susannah's hand,  
The *palm*—upon his cheek.



HAIR DRESSING.





HAIR DRESSING.

I should have told thee, reader mine,  
That to the damsel's hand  
Were tack'd ten acres, " more or less,"  
Of very fertile land.

When Hobbs declared his love — I would,  
Good sir, you had but seen them —  
He took especial care to keep  
A quickset hedge between them.

She fain would with a slighter man  
Have put on wedlock's bands,  
Which was, she thought, the way to keep  
The power in her own hands.

The miller was a portly man,  
And tall as well as stout ;  
But was, or else he feign'd to be,  
Quite crippled by the gout.

So sweet Susannah smiled consent  
On Hobbs : " Because," says she,  
" I'll warrant he'll prove tame enough  
Between the gout and me."

But Hymen's talismanic chain  
Cured, strange to tell, the gout ;  
And thus, 'twould seem the greater ill  
Did cast the minor out.

Ere half the honeymoon had pass'd,  
Susannah's choler rose,  
Who, not content with words, prepared  
To second them with blows.

Though Hobbs was a most loving spouse,  
It does not seem he cared  
To have such very *striking* proofs  
Of his dear wife's regard.

Says he, " That rosy blush, my dear,  
Doth much improve your charms ;"  
Thus speaking, with a loving hug  
He pinion'd both her arms.

But nothing, save a gag, could stop  
Her tongue's stentorian clang,  
Which soon on all the parts of speech  
Mellifluous changes rang.

Said Hobbs, " To that melodious voice  
I'd listen all the day ;  
But yon confounded mill, my love,  
Drowns every word you say."

Sue found at last it would not do ;  
Her railing, it was rumour'd,  
On Hobbs was wasted — he was so  
Provokingly good-humour'd.



CROSSING THE LINE.

## BLACK AND WHITE.

FORTUNE is a fickle goddess, and he who, having gained a capital prize in the lottery, lays out his money in the purchase of another ticket, is a gander. Matrimony is among the games of chance; and if a man has had the good fortune to possess one excellent wife, let him not tempt his fate by another cast, lest, like the father of my hero, Reuben Ramble, his rashness be punished by a *deuce*.

The elder Ramble's second spouse, it is true, was an exemplary housewife: if they had a joint on Sunday, she contrived to keep the family the remainder of the week upon the bones; she never allowed a loaf to be cut until it had acquired one of the properties of a biscuit; while, as to cleanliness, the drawing-room was never profaned by the foot of any human being but the housemaid, who was sent in, without her shoes, every other day, to rub the furniture. But, alas! the whirlwind, which swept the dust from every chair and table, shelf and



*chiffonière*, did not exhaust its fury upon inanimate objects. She had (as Mr. Ramble discovered, when it was too late to profit by the warning) broken the heart of her first husband; but, probably from finding that process a tedious one, she resolved to try conclusions on the head of her second, upon which she had, therefore, at divers times, in the course of the first twelve months, broken a blue and white dinner service, three mop-handles, and the kitchen poker.

Luckily, however, a man in trade can always find excuses for being abroad; and, accordingly, Mr. Ramble was wont to fly from the fury of one *club* to the solace of another; that is to say, he escaped from the Fiery Dragon to take refuge at the Red Lion. On the other hand, Mrs. Ramble was remarkable for the promptness with which she discharged all her obligations; and thus it happened that, in dispensing even-handed justice, she invariably bestowed upon his heir and representative, Reuben, all the kicks and cuffs which her husband was not on the spot to take in his proper person. Such favours, added to those, neither few nor light, which Reuben received on his individual account, must necessarily have cloyed by repetition; so that, in the

course of time, both father and son would gladly have exchanged this species of absolute monarchy in their household for a mixed government.

One day, while Ramble was picking up the fragments of a coffee-cup, which, having missed the substance, had demolished his shadow in a pier-glass, he turned to his son, and said, "Reuben, my good fellow, your mother-in-law has often told me that her late husband, of happy memory, never contradicted her in his life; which I can readily believe, inasmuch as he must have been a rasher man than I am, if he had ventured upon any such experiment. It seems, however, that the ostensible source of her displeasure, for some time past, has been, that there are too many men in the house, and that they are always in the way. Now, as there are only you and I, the hint is neither to be misunderstood nor disregarded. One of us must decamp: I honestly confess to you I care not which, and am, therefore, ready to decide the point by the toss of a halfpenny."

Reuben, however, who was at that period about eighteen, would not allow chance to usurp the place of duty in the decision, and declared that he was willing to depart on the instant. His father said he was a good boy, and, bidding

him affectionately farewell, slipped into his hand his only guinea, which his wife, according to her usual method of disbursement, had flung at his head that morning.

A man must be more fortunate than the generality of knights-errant, if he meet with many adventures during the short period which it will take him to spend a guinea. The first account I heard of him, after his quitting his paternal roof, was, that he had joined a company of strolling players, with whom, as the alternative of starvation, he engaged, and became a shining ornament of the community. His *début* was made in *Falstaff*, which he played without stuffing, for he had not had a full meal for a week : he enacted *Bottom* to the life, and was allowed to be the most effective *Harlequin* that had appeared in that part of the country. Our hero was overwhelmed with compliments, which he soon found were his share of the profits of the speculation, the manager contenting himself with the pecuniary part of the harvest.

It happened that, one morning, he was taking a melancholy stroll in the neighbourhood of a town in which the company had been performing for a week to almost empty benches, when, coming to a field of turnips, he began to pare one, and was

in the act of putting it to his mouth, when he heard a voice calling upon him to desist. Turning round, Reuben perceived a little man with a large Leghorn hat and a complexion of the same colour, advancing towards him.

“ Young man,” said he, “ do you know what you are doing ?”

Reuben replied, that he was very hungry, and thought there was no harm in taking a turnip.

“ But there is great harm in *eating* it,” said the other, “ and upon an empty stomach too ; why it would give you the cholic for a week. Here, Thomas,” he continued, addressing a servant in attendance, “ take this young man up to the house ; and when he has had his fill of cold beef and strong beer, let me see him again.”

The result of the interview, which elicited the particulars of Reuben’s history, was an offer from his entertainer, a West Indian proprietor, of an appointment as book-keeper on one of his estates in Jamaica. Our hero, who would thankfully have accepted a much humbler office, was overjoyed at the proposal, and, after despatching a farewell letter to his father, and another to the daughter of a retired cheesemonger, for whom he cherished a secret attachment, he embarked in

the good ship *Britannia* for the land of rum and molasses.

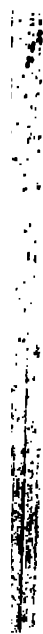
The voyage was marked by no occurrence worthy of record, except an accident which had well nigh terminated the labours of our adventurer's historian. It seemed that he had been coaxed aloft by some of the wags of the ship, who contrived to slip a noose round his body, and tilt him into the sea. Unluckily, however, they had not sufficiently secured the other end of the rope, so that Reuben, after a glimpse of the maker's name in his hat, which reached the water before him, was in a fair way of becoming food for sharks.

The cry of "man overboard!" brought the captain upon deck, who, having instantly demanded of the person at the wheel why he did not heave the vessel to, was answered, that the man was "only a passenger." The captain had not time to argue the matter, so he knocked down the steersman, and taking his place, put the ship about, and lowered a boat just in time to save our sinking friend. On his arrival in Jamaica, he discovered, to his astonishment, that *book-keeper*, in the language of the island, meant *slave-driver*, and that he was required to handle the whip instead of the pen; promotion there, as

L



JACOBINICAL.



in the army, being only to be obtained, in those days, by hard fighting.

Reuben, after a week's experiment in his new avocation, found that the whip was an awkward weapon, and accordingly provided himself with one, with the use of which he was more familiar, namely, a ferule, made after the fashion of a harlequin's sword. His brother driver was loud in his protest against the innovation, maintaining that it would not kill a musquito. Reuben, however, made so powerful an application of the argument to the shoulders of the objector, as to elicit an immediate and satisfactory testimonial of the efficacy of the invention as a method of punishment.

Armed with this fearful implement, Reuben took the field, and made the plantation resound with his thwacks on the persons of the unlucky negroes, over whom he soon acquired an ascendancy which proved the excellence of his plan. Indeed, such was the terror with which he had inspired them, that, although he never turned a key on any thing in his apartments, not an article was ever touched, which was the more extraordinary, as his colleague had represented the whole gang of blacks to be thieves by nature.

It chanced that the attorney of the estate (not

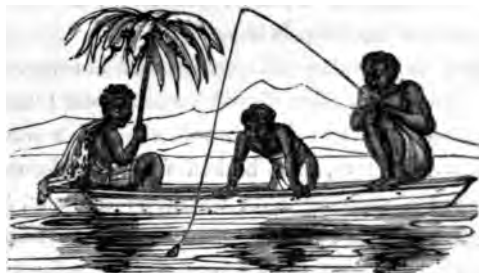


a lawyer, the reader will understand, but a sort of plenipotentiary of the proprietor), in one of his periodical visits, honoured the overseers with his company to dinner; in the course of which, intelligence was brought, that a large black snake had found its way into Reuben's sleeping chamber in pursuit of a tame rabbit, and was beginning to make wild work among the furniture, when the reptile was perceived by a negro, who put a stop to its devastations by destroying the intruder.

Reuben summoned the negro, of whom, instead of thanking him for the service, he demanded what business he had in the apartment; and, taking him by the throat, thrust him out of the room, and, in the heat of his indignation, forgetting that he had a couple of dollars in his hand at the time, actually dropped them into the negro's shirt.

The attorney was so delighted with the proofs which Reuben had given of his fitness for his office, that he immediately promoted him to the situation of driver-in-chief; in which our hero was no sooner installed, than he took it into his head that his subordinates did not strike hard enough, and consequently deprived them of their whips, intimating that henceforward he should

take the flogging department into his own hands.



THE NEGRO-PONT.

The thwacking system was followed by such success, that there was not a more obedient and orderly set of negroes in the island than those under his superintendence.

Not long after his promotion, he was favoured with overtures of marriage from a free negress, who kept a store in Spanish Town, conveyed in that *naïve* manner for which ladies of colour are distinguished. Reuben received the lady with great courtesy, but alleging that the contrast of a black face and a white night-cap was, as the milliners say, rather too "violent" for his taste, he declined the honour, expressing, however, his best acknowledgments for the preference.

"No offence, massa!" said the damsel.

"None in life," replied the overseer; and they parted the best friends imaginable.

But poor Reuben, like many other innovators, was discovered, after all, to be an impostor; that his ferula had two sides, a soft one and a hard one, — or rather, that he had a sleight-of-hand method of applying it (in which, by the way, he did not indulge the objector to its introduction), so as to produce a loud report without inflicting pain. He had also been detected in applying the port wine shipped for the estate as for "sick negroes," to that especial purpose, and to the consequent detriment of his colleagues: all which offences being duly represented and proved to the attorney, our hero was cashiered in disgrace.

While Reuben was turning over the last half-joe in his pocket, and pondering on the manner in which he should find his way to England, — for from the bad character he had acquired, he was certain no one would employ him in the island, — news was brought to him, that the negress whose offers of marriage he had rejected, was dead, and had left him all her property, alleging, as a reason for so doing, his secret acts of kindness to her countrymen. The testatrix had nei-

ther " kith nor kin," so that her legatee was not prevented by any scruples of conscience from appropriating the bequest, all of which, with the exception of a female slave, whom he manumised, and established in her late mistress's store, he converted into hogsheads of sugar and puncheons of rum.

Thus it happened that Reuben, who had embarked for Jamaica a " steerage passenger," returned to his native country the proprietor of the ship's cargo ; and, finding his Clarinda not only single but constant, he made his proposals in form to her father, who demurred, having already promised his " vote and interest " with his daughter to a fellow-citizen, who was to the full as wealthy, and twice as old as our hero. An aptly timed present, however, of a green parrot and a jar of tamarinds turned the scale in Reuben's favour. The worthy cheesemonger, whose mites had taken the form of guineas, did what he called the " handsome thing " on the occasion ; and the young lovers were as happy as wealth and wedlock could make them.

Among the changes which had occurred in this mutable world during Reuben's absence from England, his father became a second time a







THE TWO ADJUTANTS.

## THE TWO ADJUTANTS.

**THERE** is a region, by the fiercer ray

**Of Phœbus** lighted, where full many a Briton,  
**Self-exiled**, shapes his course, and, though the  
way

**Be** somewhat lengthy, 'tis as straight a road as  
**You** 'll find to wealth ; for there adventurers hit  
on

**Lacks** of rupees, and no lack of pagodas.

**Some** hew their way to opulence as fighters,

**While** others (I impugn not their sagacity)

**Are** known to fill their money-bags as *writers*,

**Who** would have starved at home in that ca-  
pacity.

There was a certain Colonel, most punctilious

In paying both his visits and his bills ;

And, being likewise very brave and bilious,

Had ta'en a load of prize-money and pills ;

At length, knock'd up by Mercury and Mars,

He to a friend in England wrote to say



He purposed, shortly, to get under weigh  
For Europe, with his baggage and his scars,  
Proposing there to lead a quiet life ;  
And put a postscript to his note to pray him,  
(The friend) by his arrival, to purvey him  
A ready-furnish'd mansion and a wife.

The person thus address'd, his name was Johnson,  
Had a fair daughter on his hands himself ;  
And being rich, and having only one son,  
Intended to bequeath her half his pelf ;  
But having a *carte blanche*, and thus the power  
To double, by the Colonel's wealth, her dower,  
Resolved the opportunity to snatch ;  
And, though his friend was not quite made to  
please a

Fair damsel of eighteen, he named the match,  
One morning, when at breakfast, to Louisa,  
Concluding his oration with, " I trust,  
My dearest Lou, you 'll please me in this matter,  
For you 're a girl of sense (I do not flatter),—  
You will be sure to like him, and you *must*."

Now Johnson was, of all the race of men,  
The most headstrong and obstinate, and when  
On any point he had made up his mind,  
You might as well attempt to change the wind.

“ What, Sir, your old friend Clove ?” she said  
and smiled,

Instead of idly bursting into tears.

“ Old !” echoed he, “ what call you old ? why,  
child,

He is my junior by at least three years.

’Tis true that he has pass’d by folly’s hey-day,

When youth their time and health and money  
squander,

And is more fit for a discreet young lady ;—

Then he’s a colonel and a knight-commander,  
(She liked not the last word) ; and think, my love,  
That when you ’re married you ’ll be Lady Clove.”

O for an artist’s pencil such as Etty’s,

The canvass with Louisa’s form to grace !

Which, though but once it bless’d my vision,  
yet is

In my mind’s eye most vivid. O that face !

How mild its beauty, yet how bright its smile !

Those siren lips, without a siren’s guile !

How gracefully her dark and glossy hair

Fell on a neck so polish’d, round, and fair,

As o’er a shaft of Parian marble twine

The rich luxuriant clusters of the vine !

But hold ! I grow grandiloquent and prosy,

While, doubtless, the bored reader’s getting dosy ;

And so I'd better touch a string more humble,  
And cease to stilt it, lest I get a tumble.



A QUADRUPEL.

Then Lou had such an eye ! 'twas not, 'tis true,  
Of all-subduing black or melting blue—

The colours poets celebrate ; and yet it  
Was just that sort of one, that if, by chance,  
The reader should encounter such a glance,

He would not very speedily forget it.

Her cheek's warm tint was like the orient dawn ;

Her air was frank and sprightly, but not bold ;

Her form was cast in Nature's finest mould —  
Light as a sylph, and graceful as a fawn.

Her education, too, was aught but scanty;—  
She sang, drew, play'd, and read Racine and  
Dante;

Yet wore she not blue stockings, which look  
worse on

A damsel who is haply young and fair;—

I should as well have liked to see a pair

Of castanets upon Professor Porson.

Some modern belles' accomplishments are ampler,

And more abstruse and classical; they speak

Scandal in Hebrew, and make love in Greek,

And work a problem, 'stead of rug and sampler :

To wed a Hebraist I should not choose,

Lest all my little children be born Jews.

Poor Johnson ! he imagined he'd projected

A scheme no human prudence could surpass,

To make his daughter happy ; but, alas !

He lived not to behold his plan perfected.

His will contain'd, though, an express provision

That she should wed the Colonel ; or if he

Didn't ratify the bargain, then that she

Should wed no other without his permission.


The will went on, that, should she, in defiance

Of this most sapient injunction, choose

Another for her husband, she should lose  
Her dow'r *in toto* for her non-compliance.

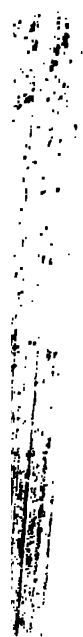
The Colonel, from some unknown cause, delay'd  
For full two years his purposed embarkation:  
'Twas not considerate to keep the maid  
So long expectant: so, for recreation,  
Louisa fell, *ad interim*, in love  
With a tall Adjutant, as unlike Clove  
As a Corinthian pillar to a post;  
The Colonel being five feet six at most:  
Again, the soldier of the maid's election  
Sang, play'd the flute and lover to perfection;  
And though not wealthy, he had expectations  
Not bounded by promotion; while he bore  
The very best of martial reputations,  
And was, of course, the idol of his corps.

In fact, a braver officer ne'er march'd;  
And then he was so portly and upright,  
And, like the veteran in our plate, was quite  
A martial *figure*, although not so starch'd.  
O! there are moments in the little span  
Which metes the brief and busy life of man,  
Of keen delight, and sinless, too, as aught  
Can be that hath in it the bitter leaven  
Of human passion; and O! I have thought,  
Of all the joy that is not born of heaven,





**A MILITARY FIGURE AMONG CIPHERS.**



That is most exquisite which thrills the heart  
When the fond glance, by young affection  
lighted, —  
The smile — the tear — the whisper doth impart  
The bless'd assurance that our love's required.  
If such be happiness, the enamour'd pair,  
My heroine and hero, had their share.

The adjutant, whose name was Edward Stanley,  
Of the brave 43d, was a frank, manly,  
Straight-forward character, and felt it due  
To both their reputations, to pursue  
His passion openly, the damsel wooing  
In pic-nic jaunts, and boatings up the Tamar :  
At last, the Colonel came, and spoil'd their cooing,  
And sought Louisa's domicile, to claim her.  
He found the lady with her cousin Phœbe,  
At breakfast, in the parlour, *vis-à-vis* ;  
Our heroine, with the look and grace of Hebe,  
Dispensing nectar in the shape of tea.



MISSISSIPPI.



Her morning gown was one of the new prints,—

What name they give the stuff I'm not quite  
certain,

But think the women call it *squintz* or *chintz*,—

In fact, 'twas very like my chamber curtain.

(I'm writing this in bed, for I've the ague,

Which malady, I trust, will never plague you.)

Louisa did not blush nor hang her head,

But, when her beau advanced, with gouty tread,

To take, as Paddy Bull would say, the fist of her,

Says she, "I hope you're very well, Sir Christopher.

"You have not breakfasted, Sir!—(touch the bell,

That's a dear, Phoebe)—pray, Sir, take a seat—

(Another cup and saucer, Thomas)—I entreat

You will not stand, Sir—you're not looking well:

Perhaps—(let the Westphalian ham be put on)—

You'd like a cushion, Sir, to rest your foot on:

Pray which is farthest, Paris or Bombay?

And did you come by stage, Sir, all the way?

Do tell us all about those dear Hindus;

What are they in religion, Turks or Jews?

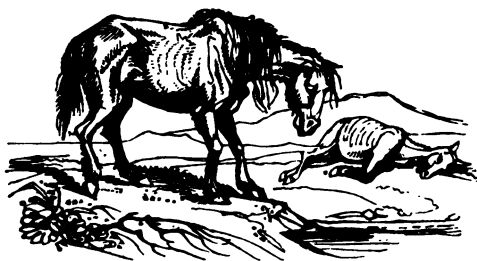
I've heard the Khan of Tartary's a quaker,

And wears a broad-brimm'd hat;—pray is that  
true, Sir?

Have bonzes pretty plumage?—tell us do, Sir;

And pray what kind of animal's a fakir?

Is that your horse? How fat he is! I'm sure  
You did not buy the creature at Nagpoor.



NAGPOOR.

Did you use bows and arrows upon service?

Those brahmins are brave troops, I understand;

They're natives, are they not, of Newfoundland?

And, Colonel, did you ever shoot a dervise?

And is it like a paroquet, a green bird?

And sepoy — what's a sepoy? — a marine bird?"

Louisa hoped, by this affected jargon,

To make the brave Sir Christopher declare off;

But he in love was, probably, too far gone,

And thought, perhaps, such childishness would  
wear off

When she'd the benefit of the society

Of one of his dense wisdom and sobriety.

Miss Phœbe, whom we've introduced already,  
Display'd a perfect contrast to her cousin,  
Whose tongue was running "nineteen to the  
dozen,"

Being, most grave, sententious, and steady.  
She had been, in her time, a "bonnie lassie,"  
But was, at this same juncture, *un peu passée* ;  
In fact, she long had pass'd the season vernal,  
And, knowing of Louisa's predilection,  
Would not, it seems, have had the least ob-  
jection

To the refusal of the gallant Colonel :  
And thus Sir Kit lay open to the arts  
Of her who did, and her who did not choose  
him ;

While both to admiration play'd their parts,  
The one to gain, the other one to lose him.

It was our heroine's policy to raise  
In Christopher's esteem her cousin Phœbe,  
Whose name she never mention'd but with praise :  
" O what a treasure," Lou exclaim'd, " would  
she be  
To him who could but coax her into marriage !"  
While Phœbe, ('twas concerted by this pair  
Of deep conspirators,) should, *au contraire*,  
Avail of each occasion to disparage

Louisa in the Colonel's estimation ;  
And Phœbe, to this end, whene'er she saw  
Need for its use, had a *carte blanche* to draw  
*Ad libitum* on her imagination.  
One day, as Phœbe with the knight commander  
Walk'd in his newly bought domain, the maid  
Improved the opportunity to aid  
Her cousin by a little friendly slander.  
“ I quite agree, Sir Christopher, with you  
In all you say of my sweet cousin Lou ;  
She is good temper'd, and extremely pretty,  
And graceful, and all that ; — 'tis such a pity  
She is so fond of general admiration !  
Not that in her, at home or in society,  
I have observed the slightest impropriety ;  
But she is young and thoughtless : though flirta-  
tion  
Is no such great offence ; it is, in truth,  
Rather a malady than fault of youth.

“ I often think how lucky 'tis Louisa  
Is destined for your bride ! 'Tis not dis-  
praisingly  
I speak of the dear child, but she would tease a  
Fond and suspicious husband most amazingly.  
I am the last my cousin to disparage  
To one with whom she's on the point of marriage,

Because I dote upon the pretty pet.

These things are mere *minutiae*,—you may call  
Them foibles, if you will; but, after all,  
They're subjects less of censure than regret.  
But what's that bird, Sir Christopher, I see,  
Pacing, with measured step, yon alley shady?  
It's like an adj—and yet it cannot be—  
It is an adjutant, as I'm a lady!

“Beware Lou steal it not, for, of all creatures,  
She loves an adjutant—indeed, she's got  
one—

A fine bird of his species, though 'tis not one  
Quite of your sort; he differs in some features;  
His body is, for instance, a bright scarlet,  
With golden wings.” Said Clove, “I never  
heard,

In all my life, of such a curious bird:  
Pray is he tame?” “O yes,” said she, “the  
varlet

Follows his mistress, Sir, just like a puppy;  
And when she's indisposed and don't get up, he  
Is quite a nuisance, and makes such a rout  
About the house, we're glad to get him out.”

“And do you really, Miss,” said Clove, “opine,  
That dear Louisa would be pleased with mine?”

“ Why since you ask,” she said, “ without  
apology,  
I’ll even tell the truth : my cousin Lou  
Is passionately fond of ornithology,  
And when she heard (I know not how) that  
you  
Had brought that bird to England, she exclaim’d  
‘ ’Twould make a pleasant mate for hers, when  
tamed :’  
So if, my dear Sir Christopher, you want  
To give my cousin proof of your affection,  
You will do well to follow my direction,  
And tell her she may have the adjutant.”

The colonel was a man of great pomposity,  
Affecting much parade and ostentation ;  
And, in his letters and his conversation,  
Display’d no trifling portion of verbosity.  
He sent the bird, next morning, with a note  
To his betroth’d, which I’ll take leave to quote.

“ My dearest girl ! I can’t but reprehend  
Your want of candour to your father’s friend :  
You should have told me of your predilection  
For this same adjutant, since, for my part,  
I have your happiness so much at heart  
I never should have urged the least objection :

You're welcome, Lou, to have him; you will  
make him,  
I'm certain, a kind mistress, therefore take him;  
Believe me still, sincerely yours to be,  
C. CLOVE, *Lieut.-Col. K.C.B.*"

When Lou received the Colonel's note, she heard  
Not the least syllable about the bird;  
In fact, the messenger, who could not speak  
A word of English, turn'd the adjutant  
Into some out-house, where, lest he should  
want,  
He left him with provisions for a week;  
While Lou repair'd to her boudoir to pen  
Her thanks to the "most generous of men."  
Old Clove, delighted, as will be believed,  
To find his gift so graciously received,  
Perused Louisa's note in his post-chaise,  
Having, that morning, heard from his attorney  
On matters which required a hasty journey  
To London, where he sojourn'd several days.

When Christopher return'd from town, he flew,  
Of course, upon the wings of love, to Lou,  
Who, grateful for his recent liberality,  
Received him with the warmest cordiality,

Alluding, with much feeling, to his letter.  
“ And so you like the adjutant, do you ?  
And quite as well as at the first ? ” — Says Lou,  
“ I think, Sir Christopher, I like him better.”  
“ That’s well,” says he, “ I’m glad you’ve not  
repented,  
But that he still enjoys your approbation :  
And how likes he his alter’d situation ? ”  
“ I think, Sir, I may say he’s quite contented.

“ But here he comes : I’ll introduce you, Sir ;  
My dear, this is our friend, Sir Christopher, —  
This is my husband, Sir,” — “ Your husband,  
Madam !

Nay — this is really too much to endure,” —  
“ ’Tis Mr. Stanley, Sir, — you know ” — “ I’m sure  
I should not know the gentleman from Adam !  
Louisa married ! I don’t understand ” —  
“ Then read that letter, Sir, in your own hand.”  
“ Confusion ! but you know I meant the bird —  
The adjutant, which with the note I sent ;  
What other adjutant d’ye think I meant ? ” —  
“ Lieutenant Stanley, of the 43rd.”

Says Christopher, “ The thing’s beyond a joke,  
And I will put it to Lieutenant Stanley,  
If it be fair, or soldier-like, or manly,  
To take advantage of an equivoque ;




I blush to find an officer degrade his  
Commission thus; but I'll have satisfaction!"  
" Well, so you shall, but not before the ladies;  
Here comes her brother; — who on the trans-  
action  
May throw some light: Pray, Robert, have you  
heard  
That Lou received the present of a bird  
From good Sir Christopher? I think they call  
The thing an adjutant — it's very tall."

" Present?" said Robert; " none that I'm  
aware of.

There *was* a spit-legg'd creature, with a bill  
As long as an attorney's, which black Will,  
The colonel's valet, brought us to take care of,  
As we supposed: the men know more about  
The matter, for he made a precious rout;  
Knock'd down the keeper, and broke Stephen's  
shin,

Capsized the dairy-maid, and so bemaul'd  
The cook, that had she not for succour call'd,  
She had not had a whole bone in her skin.  
At last he got an ugly thump, which lamed him,  
For near three days, and that, I take it, tamed  
him.

I bade them not divulge it, for I knew  
'Twould but alarm my timid sister Lou."







CUDDALORE.

The Colonel saw 'twas clearly a *miss-take*,  
And, though he'd lost a wife by it, 'twould make  
Things not a whit the pleasanter to bluster.  
At length — that is, as soon as he could muster  
Sufficient calmness — with a brighten'd look,  
Advancing to the company, he took  
Louisa's young *life-tenant* by the hand :  
“ Sir, since I find the affair has not been plann'd  
To cheat me of a wife, the fate I bless  
Which gives the fair to one of our profession ;  
And so I wish you joy of this accession —  
For such it must be — to your happiness.”  
The Colonel's grief was transient, though strong ;  
For three weeks after, it appears, he tied  
Th' indissoluble knot : the happy bride  
Was Mrs. Stanley's cousin, Phœbe Long.

Years have roll'd on since first our hero hail'd  
His youthful bride; and time, though wont to  
chill  
Th' affections of the heart, hath not prevail'd  
To weaken theirs, for they are lovers still ;  
Each is the other's joy, and hope, and pride ;  
And not less brightly burns the love-lit torch,  
Than when, from out the village temple's porch,  
The happy bridegroom led the blushing bride.

The while, it is their blessed lot to see  
Fair "olive branches round their table" grow,  
Which, we may hope, in after years will throw  
Their shade and shelter o'er the parent tree.



MISSY-LONGHI.





PREPARATORY STUDY.

## THE MONK OF SAINT DOMINIC.

OF all the cavaliers of Spain, the most distinguished of his day was Don Manuel. He had half-a-dozen names, but it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, and lengthen my story, with the other five. He was the son of a Spanish gentleman by an English lady, both of whom dying young, he was left, at the age of fifteen years, with a very handsome provision, to the guardianship of his father's relatives.

In point of accomplishments, Manuel was not inferior to the generality of young men of his rank and fortune, although I do not learn that, like the trio on the opposite page, he was chargeable with an inordinate expenditure of midnight oil: on the contrary, it was reported that his conversation savoured rather of the bower than the lamp.

His mother, having been a Protestant at heart, was supposed to have instilled into his young mind a prejudice against the religion of his country, which the system of education subsequently pursued by her husband's relations, instead of



weakening, was calculated to strengthen. Thus it happened, that, when released from the trammels of guardianship, he was not remarkable for his bigotry to the established church ; while the unreservedness of his disposition occasionally betrayed him into expressions which, being heard by many, and repeated by more, were not interpreted in a manner very favourable to his orthodoxy.

His attachment to English society, again, gave exceeding scandal to those venerable authorities who were not less celebrated for their devotedness to " mother church," than for their abhorrence of heretics of every denomination, and of Protestants in particular. Still, however, as he was young, handsome, and rich, he found ready admission to the first families in Spain ; while his acquaintance was especially sought by those who, having pedigrees longer than their purses, and a progeny more numerous than their acres, would have deemed his alliance the best consolation under the loss of the society of their eldest marriageable daughters.

It chanced that, among other qualifications of sovereign efficacy in assisting young gentlemen into scrapes, Manuel had a heart as ignitable as a piece of German tinder, on which a glance from

a fair lady's eye acted like a spark. He was, one evening, at an entertainment given by a nobleman of high rank, whose grounds were laid out, and splendidly illuminated, for the reception of his guests. Some of the company were *en masque*, and others in fancy dresses: Manuel, however, influenced perhaps by an excusable vanity, which might suggest, that his "fair proportions" needed "not the foreign aid of ornament," was in the ordinary attire of a gentleman of the day.

He had, early in the evening, attached himself to a young lady of whom he had some slight previous knowledge, and with whom, between the intervals of dancing, he strolled through the gardens. Whether, in choosing the most sequestered walk, they were influenced by its superior coolness, by a desire of listening to the warblings of the nightingale, or to the more mellifluous cadences of their own voices, I am unable to determine; nor am I warranted in assuming the air of satisfaction with which the one paid, and the other received, his attentions, as proof positive of their having been engaged in that pleasant and popular pastime vulgarly termed "making love," but which a certain philosopher has defined "hearing one lie and telling another."

Time, it is well known, is no friend to lovers—he always travels either too fast or too slow for them; and thus, when Inez was summoned by Don Guzman, her uncle and guardian, to attend him home, Manuel could not help breathing a hearty malediction upon all fast-going clocks, for depriving him of ten minutes of the fair damsel's society.

He was sauntering by himself through one of the avenues which led towards the house of his entertainer, when, in a retired spot, a figure in a mask and domino emerged from a thicket, and stood in the path before him. Manuel endeavoured to avoid the intruder, but the latter seemed determined not to be shaken off.

“ May I inquire,” said the former, somewhat haughtily, “ who it is that is so pertinaciously bent on obliging me with his society.”

“ That is a matter which concerns you less than my errand,” observed the other.

“ And pray what may be the object of that?” continued Manuel.

“ Your safety,” said the mask.

“ Whence proceeds the peril?” asked Manuel.

“ From the Holy Office,” was the answer.

“ To what am I indebted for the distinguished honour of its notice?” rejoined the querist.

“ To many things : among the rest, to the singular prudence which prompted your tirade against the grand inquisitor in the house of his nephew, the Duke D’Aranda,” replied the stranger. “ But it is not,” he continued, “ the anger alone of the Holy Office which you have to fear, seeing that, with no inconsiderable dislike to your person, it cherishes a somewhat overweening affection for your money-bags.”

“ Your words may be sooth for aught I know,” observed Manuel, “ but you can scarcely expect me, a stranger to your character and motives, to place implicit reliance on your information.”

“ Possibly,” was the answer, “ you will be disposed to give more credence to it when I remind you of another specimen of your discretion.”

“ And what may that be ?” asked Manuel.

“ Your letter,” said the other “ to your *Fidus Achates*, Don Francisco, wherein you compliment the prime minister by the titles of apostate and renegade.”

“ Francisco cannot have betrayed me !” rejoined the other.

“ Behold the proof !” said the stranger, putting into Manuel’s hand a transcript of the letter.

“ Infamous traitor !” exclaimed the latter ; “ but I will have revenge.”

"You had better not," remarked the mysterious personage, "for it will cost you time, and you have none to spare; but be counselled by me: convert your wealth into the most portable shape, and put the sea between you and the grand inquisitor with all possible expedition."

"I wish," said Manuel, "that I had known of this before; I should then have had one tie the fewer to break."

"You mean, I suppose," continued the stranger, "the chain which you and a certain nameless lady have been weaving for these last three hours; but be warned in time, and suffer not yourself to be held by silken bands, lest you exchange them for fetters of iron. Besides, for your comfort be it known, that Don Guzman designs his niece for a convent, and, if I mistake him not, the occurrences of this evening are scarcely of a character to make him forego his intention. But what light is that in the eastern horizon?"

Don Manuel looked in the direction which the other had indicated, and, on turning round again, perceived that the mysterious stranger was gone.

The warning, however, was not of a nature to be neglected by our young cavalier, who, having gathered, on the following day, additional evi-

dence of the danger which encompassed him, immediately concerted measures with his British friends for the transfer of his disposable wealth to England. The secrecy and caution which were so essentially requisite in the realisation of his property, tended to protract the business, and it was some weeks before he could arrange it to his satisfaction. It will naturally be concluded that, having secured his wealth, his personal safety would have been his next care, but the uncertainty in which the fate of Donna Inez, who had been removed from her uncle's, was involved, induced him to defer, from day to day, the arrangements for his departure.

He had, one summer evening, been taking a walk in the suburbs, and was returning, when he perceived that he was dogged by a party of men, whom he had no difficulty in recognising as familiars of the Inquisition. Manuel was not deficient in courage or spirit, but, as he had not arrived at that proficiency in the "noble art of self-defence," which enabled the Frenchman to ward off, in a shower of rain, every drop at point of rapier, he deemed "discretion the better part of valour," and fairly took to his heels.

The myrmidons of the holy office had no intention of losing sight of their prey, and, accord-

ingly, pursued him at full speed. Don Manuel, however, turned an angle of a building, about twenty yards in advance of them, when, perceiving a postern-gate to open in the wall, he rushed through it, and, having overturned the janitor in his hurry, found himself in a convent garden surrounded by a bevy of nuns.

With a general shriek, excited by so unwonted an apparition, away flew the sisterhood in a body, leaving him alone with a female differently habited from the rest, and whom, on turning to address her, he discovered to be no other than Donna Inez!

“Rash man!” exclaimed the lady, “how”—

“Nay,” replied Manuel, before she could finish the sentence, “do not let the first words which I have heard from those dear lips, after so dreary an interval, be those of reproach.”

In a few minutes, the return of the nuns, headed by the abbess, interrupted him in a speech which, however admirably it might have been adapted to a bay-window or an alcove, could not have been worse timed or more misplaced than on the occasion in question.

The lady-abbess was a black-eyed, dark-complexioned dame, of about five-and-forty, with whom monastic fare and discipline appeared



INCUBUS.



purchased at least a week in anticipation of his arrival. The bolts of his dungeon were not withdrawn until about twelve o'clock on the third night of his incarceration, when the door opened, and admitted a person habited as a monk, who carefully closed it after him, and disposing a dark lantern so as partially to illuminate the apartment, pronounced a benediction on the prisoner, and sat down beside him.

"May I inquire," said the cavalier, after a few seconds had elapsed, "the office which the person whom I now address holds in this palace of terrors?"

"Corkscrew," was the laconic reply.

"By which I am to understand," said the other, "one of those wretches whose degrading task it is to insinuate themselves into the confidence of the miserable captives, for the purpose of betraying them. Rest assured, however, that you will get nothing out of me."

"Such was not my object," returned the visitor; "on the contrary, I wanted to throw something into you, and have accordingly," he added, producing a basket from under his frock, "brought you wherewithal to mend your fare, which, I apprehend, hath been rather of the simplest of late."

“ In order, I suppose,” rejoined Manuel, bitterly, “ to rid the Holy Office of their prisoner without the trouble and formality of a trial.”

“ You are pleased to be complimentary, Señor,” was the reply ; “ but as I happen to be somewhat in your predicament, having eaten nothing to-day worth speaking of, perhaps you will allow me to give you assurance of fair play by setting the example.”

Thus saying, the monk, for such he was, of the order of St. Dominic, commenced an attack upon a cold capon ; and slicing off a wing, with a modest portion of the breast, in a style which proved him to be quite familiar with the anatomy of the bird, pushed it over to Manuel, and desired him to fall to without fear or ceremony.

Our cavalier, whose stomach yearned at the sight of the viands, did not require a repetition of the invitation, and, after demolishing the corresponding wing of the fowl, was proceeding to wash it down with a draught of water from the pitcher, when the monk placed his hand upon his arm, and exclaimed, “ By no manner of means, while there is better liquor to be had ;” and, producing a flask of Xeres, poured out a glass for himself and his companion, and added,

“ He of the mask and domino drinks to your speedy deliverance.”

“ I judged,” exclaimed Manuel, “ that I should know that voice ; but how comes it that a person, of whose benevolent intentions towards me I cannot now entertain a doubt, could consent to take upon him an office which must be, in every respect, so repugnant to his feelings ?”

“ My story is a brief one,” said the monk, “ and you may find it dry, so prithee replenish thy glass. Were I a man to boast of my descent, I should say that my father, if not of the equestrian order, belonged to the next in rank, seeing that he was a muleteer. I led a rambling life until I was about ten years old, when the superior of a monastery, conceiving, probably, that the shade of a cloister would be less prejudicial both to my morals and my complexion, than exposure in the streets, offered to relieve my father of the trouble and expense of my future education. My worthy parent was not a man to hesitate in accepting such a proposal, and instantly resigned me to the reverend prior ; although it is reported that I was much missed in the family, for some time afterwards, particularly at their meals, at which I was wont to play a distinguished part.





**ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.**

“ I continued a great favourite with my patron until his death, which happened shortly after I assumed the cowl. From that moment I became the drudge of the community, and should probably have remained so until this hour, had not our spiritual superior deemed it expedient to despatch a monk of our order to Lapland, when, on a sudden, my piety and learning blazed out upon my brethren, who, *und voce*, recommended me as possessing all the qualities to insure success to the mission. Its object is, of course, a secret, as are, even to myself, the benefits which accrued from it. I found the natives a quiet, inoffensive, unsophisticated race, and certainly not given to driving hard bargains, inasmuch as one of them, with all the simplicity conceivable, offered me his wife and child at the moderate price of a bottle of brandy. The lady, however, who did not *want spirit*, though her husband did, refused to ratify the contract, and thus saved me the trouble of arguing the matter with the worthy Laplander. I returned, happily, without leaving my toes or my nose behind me as a tribute to the reigning monarch — the frost; and, as a reward for my diligence, was installed in my present office, for which, as I am a man and a sinner, I protest to you I have no vocation.

However, I do not repent having accepted it, since I have been enabled to effect a considerable saving to the country in the article of faggots, by giving some of the intended martyrs of the Inquisition a previous intimation of the honour designed for them."

"And, in one instance, at least, have been doomed," exclaimed Don Manuel, "to see your benevolent intentions defeated by the inconceivable fatuity of the man whom your warning was meant to save. But surely my judges will not condemn me unheard?"

"Assuredly not," was the monk's reply; "but when they have heard you, they will as certainly condemn you as they will eat their dinner; and then the *san benito* and the stake will follow of course."

"And is my case so desperate?" inquired the young man, mournfully: "is there no way by which to escape the dreadful doom?"

"Yes," said the other, "but it is beset by dangers. We men of the cowl and cloister know little of the other sex, and, as what we do know is gleaned at the confessional, we view their character only on one side, and that certainly not the brighter. Perseverance, however, is not to be denied to them; for when they have

made up their minds to a measure, it is not a trifle that will stand in the way of its accomplishment. Your friend, the fat abbess, for instance, from the moment she ascertained that you did not come as a hawk among her pigeons, resolved on doing her utmost to save you, and contrived to procure the intervention of the court, on your behalf, with the Grand Inquisitor. The latter worthy, however, refused to compromise his infallibility by consenting to your acquittal; but, at last, agreed to connive at your escape, provided it could be accomplished without committing their reverences with the subordinates of the establishment."

"Then," exclaimed the prisoner, eagerly, "there is a ray of hope?"

"Yes," replied the monk, opening the door of the dungeon, "and it beams through the wicket at the end of the corridor yonder, and would shine all the brighter if it were not for that tall fellow with the musket on the other side of it."

"Who," inquired Manuel, "is the barrier between me and liberty?"

"Even so," returned the monk, "the affair is entirely between you and the sentinel. Disarm and overpower him if you can, yet beware you shed not the blood of an innocent man, who, in



whatever opposition he may make, will but be discharging his duty."

Don Manuel would immediately have proceeded upon the enterprise; but the monk desired him to pause until the clock had chimed, when the good father conducted him to the postern, and bade him conceal himself in a nook behind the wicket (which opened by a spring on the inside), and wait until a favourable opportunity presented itself. The monk told him, that should he succeed, he would find a horse ready saddled, in a shed, within a short distance of the prison; then, after counselling him as to the road he should pursue, the good father bade him prosper, and ascended a flight of steps leading to a tower, which was immediately over the spot on which the sentinel was keeping guard.

The soldier, however, instead of pacing to and fro, was leaning against a post, with his eyes fixed upon the gate, and his musket in readiness to fire upon any unprivileged person who might attempt egress. More than once Manuel was tempted to spring out upon him and put the matter to issue, even at such fearful odds; but prudence had yet power to restrain him. At last, a small paper packet fell, as if from a window of the tower, at the soldier's feet. As

he stooped to pick it up, Manuel rushed through the gate, which closed after him, and threw himself upon the sentinel. The latter, however, was a powerful man, and, even with one knee upon the ground, maintained a firm grasp of his weapon. A fearful struggle ensued, during which the tough sinews and sturdy strength of the sentinel for a long time baffled the activity of Manuel, who, at last, succeeded in fixing his foot upon the other's chest, and, by a desperate and final effort, wresting away the musket.

The soldier made an attempt to regain his weapon; but our cavalier, directing the muzzle towards him, retired with his face to his antagonist, who, at last, turned round, and ran off to give the alarm; to do which, however, as he could not enter by the gate, he was compelled to make a considerable *détour* to the grand entrance of the building.

In the meantime, Don Manuel, after flinging the musket into a ditch, mounted the horse, which he found in the place appointed, galloped off, and, by a circuitous ride of an hour, gained a point on the road, at which, had he dared to take the straight path, he might have arrived in a few minutes. At this spot, in conformity with the monk's instructions, he waited until the ar-

rival of a party, whose costume had been described to him.

In a few minutes, he heard the tramp as of mounted travellers, and, shortly after, two persons, one riding a handsome active mule, and the other a sorry jade, approached the spot. Manuel, although in the gray light of the morning, had no difficulty in recognising in the female figure Donna Inez, by whose side, with a bound of his steed, he placed himself, and from whom he ascertained that her uncle, finding the worthy abbess would not consent to retain the young lady, with a view to her taking the veil against her inclination, had despatched a messenger to remove her to another convent, some miles distant, whose superior was altogether free from any such conscientious scruples.

"But why, dearest Inez," exclaimed Manuel, "why submit to be immured in a living tomb, when there is one at your side who, with his hand, can offer you fortune and happiness in a land of liberty, to which a few days' sail will transport us?"

Inez's reply was a glance at her companion, who was evidently impatient of the stranger's conference with his charge.

"Give the rein to your mule," whispered





PASSING THE RUBICON.

Manuel, "and she will carry you beyond the reach of your attendant at a bound."

Whether it occurred to Inez that such a chance of liberty and a husband might not again present itself, or that she could not, in reality, restrain her mule, I know not; but certain it is, that, in a few minutes, they were out of sight and hearing of her follower.

They then turned from the direct road, and as they were proceeding more leisurely towards a little village on the coast, they passed the Monk of St. Dominic, who, by taking a short cut, intercepted them, for the purpose of assuring himself of the success of his plans.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that the packet, which fell at the feet of the sentinel, was dropped by the monk, who, having been previously apprised of the hour at which Donna Inez and her guide would set out on their journey, had so timed Manuel's escape, and directed his route, that he could scarcely fail to encounter them on the road.

The young lovers were united by the priest of the village, from which they embarked for England, where, I have authority for stating, they arrived in safety, and where Manuel's pre-

vious remittances enabled them to live in respectability and comfort.

The worthy monk, it was understood, found it necessary to expatriate himself, and take refuge in a convent in Ireland, where, although his life might probably be referred to the order of which our tail-piece is symbolical, he was secure from the vengeance of the bigots, whose cruel purposes he had so frequently frustrated.



HUM DRUM.







**A SINISTER LOOK.**

## THE FALSE ONE.

A MODERN SAPPHO'S LAMENT.

AND is it true that thou art false ?  
And false that thou art true ?  
And am I doom'd to prove the fate  
The Lesbian damsel knew ?  
Yes ! far away, for good and aye,  
My faithless lover 's gone ;  
And I am left, of hope bereft,  
And falsehood's name is John !

I trusted to thy traitor kiss—  
How fondly love beguiles !  
The warm impression on my lips  
Did coin them into smiles.  
From others' sighs and ardent eyes,  
In listless scorn, I turn'd,  
And many a youth of matchless truth,  
For thy dear sake, I spurn'd.

'Twas but last night, a love-sick wight  
Advanced his bold pretension,  
Which I declined — like *gradus*, since  
It was the fourth declension.  
A prey to care, I ne'er shall wear  
Bride favours white as snow;  
Denied the lot to tie the knot  
Of true-love with a *beau*.

Alas! I cannot struggle long  
Against a grief so keen,  
For, day by day, I waste away,  
And grow more lank and lean  
Than erst was valiant Dalgetty  
Reduced to half a ration,  
Whose belt fell down unto his heels  
From sheer extenuation.

Though FURT on my tomb-stone Death,  
With his keen dart, shall chisel,  
And through the long grass on my grave  
The wind my dirge shall whistle;  
My story shall live after me,  
And be remember'd long,  
For tuneful bards, with Attic salt,  
Shall pickle it in song.

And children that are yet unborn,  
When they shall hear my tale,  
Shall lay aside their gingerbread,  
My sorrows to bewail;  
And Pity, while they think upon  
My early blighted hope,  
Shall wash their little cheeks with tears,  
And save a world of soap.

But thy false heart for this shall smart,  
And O! that envied pillow  
Thy faithlessness forbids me share  
Shall be like ocean's billow,  
On which thy head shall nightly toss,  
And thou shalt seek in vain  
To drown, in sleep's forgetfulness,  
Thoughts that will haunt thy brain.

Nor peace nor rest shall soothe thy breast,  
For, shouldst thou haply dose,  
Foul Incubus shall dance thereon,  
To the bag-pipe of thy nose;  
While round thy bed, in visions dread,  
Shall gather goblin faces,  
And imps of all degrees and shapes  
Shall scare thee with grimaces.



ANIMAL ENJOYMENT.

## THE GOVERNESS.

MARMADUKE MELLOWPATE was apprenticed to a tallow-chandler, whose trade, whatever it may want of the *genteel*, may certainly be designated a *light* one. Shortly after the completion of his seven years' servitude, he was placed, by the liberality of his friends, who were monied persons, in a snug, ready-made business, which, by dint of industry and thrift, he succeeded in rendering daily more productive.

His next thoughts were on matrimony; but, as he had already one woman in his establishment, who, officiating in the joint capacities of house-keeper and "maid of all work," was quite as much as he could manage, he was apprehensive that the introduction of another female into his family might prove a hazardous experiment. To escape from this dilemma, he hit upon the notable expedient of augmenting the dignity and duties of his faithful Sally by making her his wife; and as the damsel, fully sensible of the danger of delay in such a case, consented on the instant, our tallow-chandler was saved the time

which would have been wasted in gaining the affections of a lady of higher hopes and nicer scruples.

Marmaduke, in the course of time, gained a large fortune and a consequent importance among his fellow-citizens ; he was, for many years, the oracle of the ward meetings, and finally attained to the dignity of a seat in the common-council, having, in the interim, acquired such a rotundity of figure, that his election might have been termed a double return, since he occupied the space of two on the benches of that august assembly. I should have mentioned that, among his intermediate acquisitions, he had four daughters and a son, of whom the latter was the eldest. Of the former, Miss Julia, at the period to which our history more particularly refers, *owned* to two-and-twenty, while the eldest of her younger sisters had but just launched into her teens.

Julia, who had commenced her studies at a sixpenny day-school, was *finished* at an " establishment " in one of the western squares, where, with other accomplishments, she was taught the airs of a fine lady, at second-hand from her *gouvernante*, and a supreme contempt for trade in all its varieties and modifications. Mrs. Mel-lowpate determined, on the score of economy as

well as gentility, that the education of the three younger girls should be confided to a governess at home. Accordingly, after having, as she expressed herself, inquired the "character" of half a dozen candidates, and propounded the usual questions as to "sobriety, honesty, industry, and *followers*," she fixed upon the young lady, but for whom, this "frail memorial" of the house of Mellowpate would never have been presented to the reader and to the world.

Clara Selby, such was the name of the successful aspirant, was a sprightly, sensible, and accomplished girl, endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions. The first time I saw her she was attired in a plain white muslin dress, with a green sash, and a riband of the same colour around a cottage bonnet; and as with light and elastic step she was crossing the lawn of the citizen's "villa," I thought her one of the most graceful and interesting creatures I had ever beheld.

It was well for Clara that she possessed a buoyancy of spirits, and a contentedness of disposition, which did not readily yield to the pressure of circumstances, since the duties which her new situation involved were neither few nor light. She had to rise early, and wash and dress three



unruly children, as wild as forest colts, who were wont to present themselves for the operation in every possible position but the right. She had then to superintend the breaking of their fast and teacups, after which school commenced, and was continued until within two hours of dinner. This interval was appropriated to the recreation of her pupils, but, as it afforded them a wider scope for mischief, it increased rather than diminished the cares and responsibilities of our fair heroine.

The new governess was, moreover, required to mend the wardrobe as well as the manners of her hopeful charge; and, in order that she might not be exposed to rivalry in that interesting employment, Mrs. Mellowpate dismissed the nursery-maid, who had heretofore executed the office of sempstress to the trio.

Miss Mellowpate in the mean time kept the preceptress of her sisters at a becoming distance. It was insinuated that the origin of her cool, and occasionally contemptuous treatment of Clara, was a lurking envy of the latter's personal attractions; but this I hold to be a malignant fabrication, for Julia's charms were altogether upon a grander scale than Clara's: her cheeks were twice as round and twice as red; in fact, she would have made two such beauties as our heroine.





GARTER KING AT ARMS.

If the converse of the proposition that "familiarity breeds contempt" be true, Mrs. Mellowpate must have attained a very high rank in the esteem of Miss Selby, to whom she deputed herself as to an upper servant, and whose salary she always designated *wages*. Again, the uniformly respectful attention which her son paid to the governess, was not calculated to heighten the regard of the old lady for the object of it; but, on the contrary, excited, at times, considerable apprehensions in her mind that Robert would disgrace his family by marrying beneath his station.

The common-councilman, who was as good-natured and warm-hearted a creature as ever grew fat upon venison and turtle, treated her with almost paternal kindness. Nor was his regard for Clara lessened by her occasionally stealing half an hour, when he was laid up with the gout, to read the "City Article," or the debates in common council,—an office which Julia would not, and his wife could not, perform for him; for although the old lady could tell every letter, from A to Z inclusive, when arranged in the consecutive order in which she first made their acquaintance, she could make neither "head nor tail" of them when huddled

together, without regard to alphabetical precedence, in the columns of a newspaper. I infer, however, that she was rather more successful with capitals, since she was once heard to express her surprise at having found a curious book in her daughter's library, entitled the "DOG OF VENUS," written, as she gathered from the name at the bottom of the title-page, by one JOHN MURRAY.

In the vicinity of Mr. Mellowpate's country residence lived Sir Charles Ellerton, who had just succeeded to the baronetcy with considerable landed property, and was a frequent guest at Marmaduke's table. It will readily be imagined that Mrs. Mellowpate, who, as the sailors say, had always "an eye to windward," was quite alive to the value of the acquaintance, and lost no opportunity of improving it; while Julia received him with her most gracious smiles, admired his taste, his horse, and, above all, his delightful house and grounds — talked sentimentals to the verge of a declaration, and sang what she dared not say.

The baronet, on the other hand, appeared equally taken by the attractions of the young lady, was a daily visitor at the house, and, when Julia walked out with the children and


their governess, he usually contrived to join the party.

Mrs. Mellowpate was delighted at this promising intimacy, and would have been the happiest woman breathing but for the uneasiness to which Robert's increased attentions to Miss Selby subjected her. The old lady's apprehensions, at last, became so powerfully excited by certain whisperings and significant looks, which she had observed between Clara and her son, that she determined, to use her own mild expression on the occasion, "to send the hussy about her business;" and, accordingly, "gave her warning."

Clara received the intimation without exhibiting either surprise or displeasure, and Robert was altogether silent upon the subject. The common-councilman remonstrated, and her three pupils, who loved her affectionately, wept in concert at the idea of parting; but neither tears nor remonstrance availed with Mrs. Mellowpate, who was resolute, and, as most of her sex contrive to do, eventually gained her point.

Language cannot describe the mingled emotions of surprise, consternation, and anger, with which Mrs. Mellowpate heard, on coming down to breakfast at ten o'clock on the morning on

. . .



which Clara Selby was to take her departure, that she had been handed into a post-chaise, about two hours before, by Robert Mellowpate, who jumped in after her, when they were whirled off as fast as four horses could carry them. Almost choked with rage and her first mouthful of French roll, she hastened up to her liege lord, who was just finishing his toilet, and exclaimed, "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

"Why, what's the matter? are consols up, or tallows down?" inquired the citizen, who had, in the preceding week, effected a large sale of the former to make an investment in the latter.

"Don't talk to me about your stocks and your tallow-grease," continued the lady, "when here's that minx, *Clarry* Selby, has run away with our Robert."

"Our Robert," rejoined her husband, with his characteristic phlegm, "is much more likely to have run away with her: howsomever," he added, "Bob hasn't made such a bad choice neither; he'll have the prettiest wife in the ward."

"Wife!" echoed Mrs. Mellowpate; "if he marries her, I'll never speak another word to him."

"And if he does not marry her," returned the

honest citizen warmly, "I'll disinherit him, as sure as his name's Bob."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, "do you wish to see your family disgraced?"

"Certainly not," was the reply; "and least of all by the villany of my son."

At this juncture a post-chaise, drawn by four horses, which Mrs. Mellowpate had ordered for the purpose of pursuing the fugitives, stopped at the door. The common-councilman, however, for a long time, refused to join in the chase; and it was not until the lady expressed her determination to proceed alone, that her husband, influenced by the apprehension of her exposing herself in the expedition, consented to take a seat beside her. In his way to the vehicle, despite of the exhortations of his better half, he made a momentary digression into the breakfast parlour, where he gulped down a cup of coffee, and deposited in his pocket a plateful of bread and butter interleaved with sundry slices of ham.

They were fortunate enough, as a celebrated Transatlantic writer hath it, "to strike upon the trail" of the fugitives; but, although they gained intelligence of them at every inn at which they stopped to change horses, it was not until



four o'clock in the afternoon that they came up with them, which they did at an inn where the young couple had halted to dine. The common-councilman had, in the mean time, worked himself up into a thorough ill-humour with his son, for having, as he contended, maugre the demolition of the aforesaid ham and bread and butter, "led him such a dance" upon an empty stomach.

The old lady impelled by her indignation, and her lord by his keen scent of a haunch of venison, hastened to the apartment in which the couple were dining. On entering, they perceived Clara sitting at one end of the table, and the gentleman at the other, about to commence operations on the joint which was sending up its savoury steams before him.

"Bob!" exclaimed the citizen, losing at once his resentment at the sight of his darling dish, "let that haunch alone; you know you could never carve one in your life; — give me the carv— but ha! what! whom have we here? Sir Charles Ellerton, as I live by bread!"

"Ah! Mr. Mellowpate," rejoined the baronet, whom Marmaduke, having been prepared to meet his son, did not at first recognise, — "and Mrs. Mellowpate too! — you have hit the time to a

second ; — but I beg pardon ; allow me to introduce Lady Ellerton.”

The common-councilman's thoughts soon reverted to the uncut haunch, from which, to his infinite regret, he perceived the caloric fast escaping ; but his wife stood perfectly aghast. At length she articulated, “ But where's my son, Sir ?”

“ Why,” replied Sir Charles, glancing at his watch, “ at this moment, as I guess, upon 'Change.”

“ But,” continued Mrs. Mellowpate, “ he left our house with that young lady this morning in a post-chaise.”

“ He did so,” rejoined the baronet, “ and proceeded with her to the village church, where, after bestowing upon me the fairest of earth's treasures, he left me, with the intention of driving to town, while we proceeded on our way to a seat I have in this county, which we shall reach at the next stage.”

The *partie carrée* then sat down to dinner, and, after a pleasant hour or two, separated ; the common-councilman and the newly married pair with mutual expressions of good-will, and Mrs. Mellowpate with a fixed determination to have no more pretty governesses.

I am bound to add, in vindication of our friend Robert's taste, which may have suffered in the estimation of my readers, that his affections had been engaged, previously to his acquaintance with Clara, to a young lady, to whom he was united shortly after the marriage of the baronet. Mrs. Mellowpate had, indeed, selected a richer match for her son, in the person of a West India planter's widow; but Robert alleged, reasonably enough, that the lady had a hundred and fifty slaves already, and he had no desire to add one to their number.



PLYMOUTH.





**AERONAUTS.**

## A ROYAL VISIT.

AN EPISTLE FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

DEAREST Bella ! we've had such grand doings in  
London,  
As, I take it, before were ne'er under the sun  
done,  
While you have been flirting at Sandgate, — a  
spot  
Very much to my taste, though 'tis rather too  
hot ;  
Or, perhaps, for some fossil remains digging  
over  
The beds of blue clay between Folkstone and  
Dover,  
Just under those heights, where the breeze, blow-  
ing stiff,  
Once sent grandpapa's wig flying over the cliff.

O ! why, since, like me, you've for sights such  
a thirst,  
Didn't you put off your journey till after the  
first ?

•

O ! that dear first of August ! I ne'er shall forget  
it, —

You should have been with us, — I did so regret  
it.

You, doubtless, my dear Annabella, remember  
That terribly awful last ninth of November,  
When the King should have dined with the city,  
in state,

But sent an excuse on the eve of the *fête*.

My stars ! what alarm and excitement pervaded  
All classes of folk, as the streets they paraded.

In that perilous hour, I acknowledge, for one,  
I forgot the Mayor's *fate*, in my fears for my own.  
How vague were the rumours assigning a reason !  
Some spoke of affronts, others hinted at treason ;  
The magnates look'd grave, and the populace  
rail'd on,

But in vain, for the monarch would not be pre-  
vail'd on,

Though an alderman gallantly offer'd, they say,  
To enact the commander-in-chief for that day,  
And clear the King's path, at the head of the  
forces,

On one of his Majesty's cream-colour'd horses.  
Civic meetings were call'd, but, alas ! not a male  
of them,

When they heard " explanations," could make  
head or tail of them :

The truth of it was, — but, for goodness' sake,  
Bell,  
As you value my credit and friendship, don't  
tell, —  
I had it from Pa (a great man in the city,  
And a member, you know, of the " Visit Com-  
mittee") —  
That old Gog and Magog, those grim-looking  
kerns,  
Whose *clubs*, like some others, are heavy con-  
cerns,  
Had, with trait'rous intention, complotted to fall  
On the King and his suite as they enter'd the  
hall;  
But the Lord Mayor elect the conspiracy scented,  
Which was happily thus, by his wisdom, pre-  
vented.

Once before, our good King, — he was then  
Duke of Clarence, —  
At a banquet, served up by Birch, Bleaden, or  
Farrance,  
In that very same place, had well nigh paid the  
price  
Of his life for his feast, through another *device*,  
(I think 'twas an anchor supporting a crown,) —  
Which plump on the table came thundering  
down.



His Highness escaped, but the vile sperma-  
 ceo,  
 Discharged from the overturn'd lamps, ('twas a  
 pity!)  
 Was scatter'd in every direction, and play'd  
 Wild havoc among all the lace and brocade.

You will ask. "What have these things, so  
 carefully nursed  
 In your memory, to do, Miss, with August the  
 first?"  
 My poem is merely a glance retrospective,  
 And not a digression — so spare your invective;  
 But as you grow impatient, we'll plunge, if you  
 please.  
 As my brother Bob hath it, *in medias res*.  
 You must know, when the New London Bridge  
 was completed,  
 The Committee, addressing our monarch, entreated  
 He would please to walk over it first: it was  
 queer.  
 To ask royal William to play pioneer!  
 However, he most condescendingly granted  
 Their pray'r, and the cits, at last, got what they  
 wanted.

After some pros and cons, 'twas among them  
agreed  
That the royal *cortège* should by water proceed ;  
Which was, doubtless, much better than shaking  
their bones,  
In rumbling state vehicles, over the stones.  
There was not a barge, a bow-window, or  
attic,  
Commanding a view of the pageant aquatic,  
That had not been engaged ; but we happen'd to  
fall in  
With my school-fellow, little Teresa Tarpaulin,  
Through whose kind intervention we managed to  
get  
An invite to a "*déjeuner à la fourchette*,"  
And were boarded and lodged, without trouble or  
charges,  
In one of her father the lighterman's barges.

'Twas the loveliest day you could picture : the  
sky  
Was as blue and as bright as your own sparkling  
eye ;  
The river exhibited two rows of craft,  
All moor'd, as the learned would say, " fore and  
aft ;"

Each flung to the breeze some gay pennant or  
flag,—

There was not e'en a cock-boat without a red rag.  
You could scarcely conceive a scene more pic-  
turesque,

Though a group, here and there, look'd a little  
grotesque.

I saw cluster'd, for instance, the Limehouse-hole  
Tibbses,

The Turnbolls, the Smiths, and those frights the  
Miss Gibbsses.

In fact, I dare say Father Thames never bore  
On his tide such a medley of "odd fish" before.  
Then among the *canaille*, on the bank on each side,  
One or two pugilistic encounters we spied ;



" BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW."

Not arising, I take it, from wrath or ebriety,  
But just for the sake of a little variety.



ODD FISH.

1947



Yet I scarcely need tell you, dear Bell, that, in  
spite  
Of such scenes, 'twas a truly magnificent sight.

They gave us a grand entertainment on board  
Our barge, which with all sorts of good things  
was stored.

Mrs. T., a most warm-hearted creature, presided,  
Of course, o'er the banquet her husband pro-  
vided ;

While he, who a capital carver is reckon'd,  
To his kind better half play'd an excellent se-  
cond ;

Miss Gibbs (Seraphina Claudine), with a hand  
which is

As crimson as beet-root, dispensed the ham sand-  
wiches,

And her brother sliced up, with an air quite gen-  
teel,

A huge cut-and-come-again fillet of veal.

From the wharfs, on each side, in the warmth  
of their loyalty,  
Some fired carronades off, in honour of roy-  
alty ;

But we, with successive reports of champagne,  
Saluted the King, as he pass'd with his train.

At his Majesty's side sat his consort, and nigh 'em,  
With the helm in his hand, was the gallant Sir  
Byam ;

Another state coxswain embark'd at the stairs,  
Who has lately been placed at the helm of affairs,  
And whose barge to a band-box a punster compared —  
It contain'd our 'loved monarch's *Grey Whig*, he  
declared.

As the train disembark'd, there were scrapings  
and greeting —  
(I had this from a person who witness'd the  
meeting) —  
When his Majesty said, in the kindest of tones,  
“ How d'ye do, Mr. Routh ? — Is that you, Mr.  
Jones ? ”

The King and his Queen — (don't imagine I joke) —  
Walk'd over the bridge just like two other folk,  
When they saw the balloon of the famed Mr.  
Green

(Not the only *inflated* thing present, I ween,  
Since royalty's smiles are proverbial, alas !  
For puffing up people, like hydrogen gas.)  
The banquet came next, which was voted *unique* ;  
As our French neighbours say, 'twas *superbe*,  
*magnifique* ;

'Twas served up in a tent, or pavilion, as gay  
As Jack-in-the-green upon chimney-sweep's day.



THE GREEN MAN.

There were fish, flesh, and fowl, fruit of every  
variety,  
In such plenty a glutton might cram to satiety ;  
But, strange to relate (the event was most tragic),  
The wine disappear'd from the table like magic ;  
And, though the Committee had laid in a stock —  
For the cits are no churls — of champagne and  
old hock,  
Not an alderman e'en could get hold of a bottle,  
For love or for money, to cool his parch'd throttle ;



And, though some, being conjurors, haply could  
call  
From the "vasty deep" *spirits*, not one of them  
all,  
Though they used pretty strong objurgations, were  
able  
To conjure one bottle of wine on the table.  
It soon proved that some tradesmen, *sub rosa*, as  
waiters  
Had been smuggled in, and the bibulous traitors  
Contrived, or else Rumour tells horrible lies,  
'Twixt the cellar and feast to cut off the sup-  
plies;  
Thus creating — (from all such purloiners defend  
us!) —  
An "*hiatus*," as Bob would say, "*valdè de-  
flendus*."  
I regret very much that I have not left space  
In my letter the speeches and toasts to em-  
brace;  
Both were worthy, no doubt, so enlighten'd a  
century —  
The cits' were most loyal, their guests' compli-  
mentary.  
At length, having sipp'd of the spiced loving  
cup,  
The King took his leave, and the party broke up.

Believe me to rest, ever dear Annabella,  
Your sincerely attach'd and affectionate

STELLA.

P. S.— Edward Mortimer sat, I omitted to say,  
In the barge, close beside me, the whole of the  
day ;  
I can't bear him, you know, but he sings most  
delightfully ;  
Fanny Flirt was there too, and look'd at us so  
spitefully.  
The young man's *well enough*, but he's rather  
pedantic,  
Though his verses are sweet, and his name's quite  
romantic.



FALSTAFF.

## THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN ;

OR, LAYING A GHOST.

PATRICK RYAN was a native of Mullinahone, in the county Tipperary, which all the world knows to be in the province of Munster. He possessed many of the virtues by which the Irish character, despite the disgrace which agitators and demagogues have flung upon it, is distinguished, with a larger share of *ballast* than usually falls to the lot of his countrymen. He was, however, one of a numerous family, every successive addition to which rendered their little potato piece less adequate to their wants, until, at length, when work became scarce, they found their domestic comforts reduced to a murphy and a half per diem.

Under these circumstances, a general effort was made by the members of the family to get their living away from the paternal mud cabin ; and Paddy Ryan determined to seek his fortune in England. He was a universal favourite in the neighbourhood, and no sooner was his intention



LIME JUICE.

ye'd miss the way. A couple of tenpennies, Pat, and an old man's blessing, will do ye no harm. Keep a clear conscience, and say your prayers, and never be ashamed of old Ireland, wherever ye go, and it's prosper ye will all the same over. And harkye, Paddy Ryan, don't be sitting your head too often to your head, whether ye've a shilling or a drop of the cratur in it."

The first object which rivetted Ryan's attention on stepping out of the steam-boat, on the morning shore, was a recruiting party, the sergeant of which, attracted by the "thews and sinews" of the tall Hibernian, walked up, and inquired if he would "list."

"Is it list?" says Pat; "with all the pleasure in the world, but ye have to say, Mister Sergeant."

"I mean," says the sergeant, "will you serve the time?"

"Further: how will I do that?" inquired Ryan.

"By fighting for him," answered he of the halbert, endeavouring to slip a shilling into Pat's fingers, which, however, the latter eluded, and, catching the other's hand at the same time, gave it a squeeze which not only brought the tears into

his eyes, but left his majesty's profile as plainly impressed upon the sergeant's palm as it ever was upon the coin of the realm.

"And what would I get by that," continued Ryan, "but a broken head every day in the week, and a bullet through it, maybe, on Sunday?"

"Why, you'd have a fine coat on your back, money in your pocket, and would live like a fighting cock."

"O then I would not wish to live like any such quarrelsome *baste*," was the reply; "besides I'm thinking it is not for nothing ye carry that big cane in your fist, and that, if I made a mistake on the *right* side, and put my musket on the *wrong* shoulder, maybe, ye'd be rapping my knuckles for it."

"O," says the sergeant, "that is a trifle!"

"That's true, for ye," said Ryan; "only, maybe, I'd be after knocking ye down for that same, and that's death by the law; so good morning to ye, Mister Sergeant. It's a pity ye were not born a counsellor, for ye've the devil's own tongue in yer mouth."

Ryan's first care was to find out a builder, to whom he had a letter of introduction from a friend, which, with a certificate of good conduct

from the curate of his parish, procured him instant employment. His master soon began to find that Pat's qualifications were not confined to carrying the hod, but that he could lay a brick as straight as the best of them ; the results of which discovery were an advance of wages and lighter occupation. One of Ryan's principal recommendations to the favour of his employer was his sobriety ; for, although it cannot be denied that he had a national partiality for whisky, he loved it, as he was wont sensibly to remark, too well to *abuse* it.



WATERLOO VETERANS.

It happened that a gentleman, who, by the death of his father, came into possession of considerable property, conceived the idea of restoring part of a ruined abbey on one of his

estates, and converting it into an occasional residence. The employer of Ryan was fixed upon to execute the requisite repairs, and Paddy was accordingly despatched with a party of labourers to the spot.

The majority of his companions made a village in the neighbourhood their head-quarters, but Ryan procured lodgings in a little cottage within a short distance of the abbey. Whether he was induced to this step by the trim appearance of the cottage itself, by the climbing rose and clematis which covered the front, or by a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks which he had accidentally seen peeping through the blossoms, I cannot take upon me to determine.

Paddy soon became a favourite in the family with whom he had taken up his abode : he was merry, good-natured, and obliging ; sang very passably,—in a comic song, particularly, he was irresistible ; and told a story with great humour and effect. To these his qualifications may be added a more than ordinary share of native wit, which enabled him to turn aside, or fling back upon their authors, the rustic sarcasms which his national peculiarities would occasionally provoke.

Now touching this same abbey, to which allu-



ever has already been made, there was a tradition that a particular room, which had acquired, I know not how, the appellation of the "Abbot's Kitchen," was haunted, and that the spirit of the prior in the head of a numerous retinue of monks, nocturnally, about the hour of twelve, made a circuit of the apartment, which was, moreover, haunted with scenes of the pleasing recollections of their earthly sojourn.

In confirmation of this story, several most veracious persons, living the neighbouring cottages, asserted that they, at various times, and at regular intervals, observed, from a distance, lights moving in the apartments in question; but whether the said lights proceeded from the tapers of the peripatetic fathers, or were occasioned by the presence of spirits which sought rather concealment than publicity, it would not, with my limited means of arriving at the truth, be safe to hazard an opinion.

Scarcely, however, was the first square yard of masonry raised upon the ruined towers, than they became the scene of the most portentous

\* There is an apartment bearing the same name, and to which a similar tradition refers, in the magnificent ruin of Netley Abbey, on the banks of the Southampton Water.





IRISH LABOURERS.

and appalling apparitions. Lights, which in brilliancy and variety of colour would have rivalled the illuminations at Vauxhall, were seen flitting from chamber to chamber; chains, which, if an estimate of their ponderosity might be formed from the sound produced, could never have been lifted by mortal hands, clanked along the corridors; and if, by chance, a luckless workman left any of his tools behind him at night, the most fearful havoc was made among them before morning. Mattocks and pickaxes were broken, barrows turned upside down, and their wheels detached and sent rolling to the foot of the acclivity on which the edifice was raised.

The consternation which these sights and sounds spread among the artificers employed in the restoration of the building, caused a very large proportion of them to abandon their tasks, until, at last, the steward of the estate wrote to inform the baronet, his master, that the works were almost at a stand-still, since only three labourers could be found who would work upon the premises.

Sir Charles, whose residence was but a few miles distant, immediately on the receipt of the letter, mounted his horse, with an intention of investigating the matter, and was passing the

abbey, somewhat late in the evening, when he was surprised at hearing the noise of a trowel at an hour when, he supposed, the workmen would have ceased their labours. He guided his horse up to that part of the building whence the sound proceeded, and discovered our hero, Paddy Ryan, just on the point of finishing his task.

"You are late at work to-night, my friend," said the baronet.

"Your honour may say that," was Paddy's answer; "but I was after putting the top brick to a little job, which, maybe, if it rains in the night, would be like a drowned kitten,—none the better for the wetting."

"But are you not afraid," inquired Sir Charles, "to remain by yourself, at so late an hour, in a place which is currently reported to be haunted?"

"Afraid, is it, your honour?" said Pat; "now, upon my word and conscience, I never saw any thing yet, in the wide world, that I'd half so much *raison* to be afraid of as myself."

"That speaks something for your courage, my man, and more for your modesty," observed the baronet.

"Is it modesty? O then," says Ryan, "that's a plant which, they say, does not grow wild in my country, and that what there is of it is all among

the women ; but if it's courage ye *mane*, though I'd rather *ate* my potato in *pace*, any day, than fight for it, it is not Paddy Ryan, I'm thinking, would turn his back upon friend or foe."

"Then, Paddy," said Sir Charles, "I take it you are just the man I want ; I am very desirous to get at the bottom of the mystery of these strange noises and apparitions, which, after all, I apprehend to have their origin in trickery. Now what would you take to keep watch in the Abbot's Kitchen to-morrow night ?"

"A pipe and a drop of whisky," said Ryan ; "and, maybe, a shilelah, your honour."

"But I mean," continued the baronet, "what sum of money would you consider a sufficient reward for the duty ?"

"Is it the cash ? O then it shall never be said that Pat Ryan could not take a pipe and a drop of Marlfield,\* without being paid for it."

"Well," remarked the baronet, "love of money does not appear to be among your faults, at any rate, my good fellow."

"That's true, for your honour," replied Pat, "for the fact is, I never could keep a shilling long enough in my pocket to get a liking for it."

\* The name of a celebrated distillery near Clonmel.

"So," exclaimed Sir Charles; "since there is no business to transact with you on any other business, perhaps you will keep the watch of which I was speaking, as a mere matter of interest to myself, who am, in fact, the owner of the estate."

"With all the pleasure in life," answered Ryan, "and it's mighty nice I'd think of the interest after all your interest."

"Well," continued Sir Charles, as he rode off, "I shall take care that you are furnished with a good supper, and a tumbler of punch, in the Abbot's Kitchen, to-morrow evening; and you shall be provided with a brace of pistols, in case of accidents."

"You remember, *your* your honour," bellowed Ryan after the baronet: "two tumblers, — for, maybe, the glass would like a drop, and then he'll tell all he knows about the matter, I'll engage for him."

A few hours before Ryan entered upon his new office of ghost-catcher, he was sitting alone in the cottage, when Rose Hazelgrove (his landlord's daughter) entered the room. She had been unusually thoughtful the whole of the day; and, without replying to Paddy's salutation of "Ah, Miss Rose, a *caiskla*, is that yourself?"

observed, in a somewhat reproachful tone, —  
“ And so, Mr. Ryan, you intend to go upon this wild scheme of yours to-night ? ”

“ Arrah ! now,” says Pat, “ what else would I do ? ye would not have me disappoint his honour, would ye ? ”

“ No,” answered the pretty damsel ; “ but you might get some one to watch with you —— ”

“ O ! then,” exclaimed Ryan, “ don’t ye know it ’s a maxim among ghosts, that two ’s company, and three ’s none ? and sorrow a one of them did ye ever hear of who appeared to more than a single person at a time.”

“ You don’t think me silly enough, Mr. Ryan,” said Rose, “ to believe in any such nonsense : if you come to any mischief, it will be from the living, and not the dead.”

“ And haven’t I,” observed Pat, “ a big shilelah, then, which never missed fire, and a strong arm at the small end of it ? ”

“ But, consider, you are but one man,” was the reply, “ and only think, if they were to murder you ! ”

“ Why, then, Miss Rose, *agrah !*” said the Irishman, with a slight touch of the tender in his voice, “ I should die a stranger in a land of



strangers, and there would be none to weep for, or to *wake* me!"

"I am sure," exclaimed Rose, "twisting up the corner of her apron, and turning aside to wipe away the tear which had gathered in her eye, "I am sure it's very unkind of you to say so, Mr. Ryan, for ——"

"O! then," said Paddy, "don't be spoiling your praskeen\* in that way, a *lanna machree*; I'll dance at your wedding yet."

"My wedding, Mr. Ryan!" replied the damsel, "I don't understand ——"

"Ah, Rose, Rose," said Pat, "upon my conscience it's a *cute* girl ye are. Maybe I didn't see ye, the other night, walking through the park with Mr. Nibblepen, his honour's steward?"

"You know," exclaimed Rose, rather sharply, "that he *would* walk home with me; you don't think I would have that disagreeable old ——"

"Never say the word, honey," cried Pat, interrupting her; "I never saw him so agreeable before, for he looked in your face like a cat at a bowl of cream; and if he'd the misfortune to

\* Apron.





PUGNA PRO PATRIA.

be born twenty years before ye, sure wasn't it your fault for coming into the world so long after him? But who is that walking across the meadow? Dry up your tears, Rose, that's a darling now."

"Are they all off now?" inquired Rose, as she passed her apron over her face.

"No," says Pat, "there's one on your cheek yet;—wait while I brush it off——"

"O fie! Mr. Ryan," said Rose.

"Lips were made before pocket-handkerchiefs, my darling," exclaimed Ryan, as he hurried out of the house to keep his appointment.

Ryan had no vocation for fighting, nor was he, like his countrymen in our illustration, and some who cannot plead the excuse of ignorance, a promoter of brawls among others; yet he possessed a determined courage, united to coolness and presence of mind, which peculiarly adapted him for the task he had undertaken.

On arriving at the Abbot's Kitchen, he found every thing but the ghost prepared for his reception. There was a table on which was placed a round of beef, a case bottle of whisky, and tumblers, tobacco pipes, and pistols in pairs.

It was at an advanced period of the autumn, and the evening was tempestuous. The wind

swept fitfully around the antiquated building, moaning through its unglazed and tenantless chambers and long corridors, and Paddy had reason to congratulate himself, that while his other wants had been so carefully anticipated, a blazing wood fire, and a plentiful supply of fuel wherewith to renovate it, had been provided.

Having finished his repast, he drew the table nearer to the fire, brewed himself a stiff tumbler of whisky punch, lighted his pipe, and made up his mind to be comfortable. Between the puffs, he amused himself by singing snatches of a ditty, to the tune of *Nora Creina*, the burden of which was

“Rose, my life,  
Pat Ryan’s wife,  
His joy and pride ye’ll be, my darling.”

It was towards midnight that he was chanting the stanza which thus embodied his connubial anticipations, when, as if in reproof of his presumption, a hollow and deep voice, apparently proceeding from the vault beneath the chamber, exclaimed “NEVER!!!”

“O! then,” cried Pat, “if I did not know that I am in England, I would swear that that was one of my own country echoes.” His speculations, however, upon the subject, were soon in-

errupted by the clanking of chains through the passage leading to the apartment, the Abbot's Kitchen, in which Ryan was stationed. Suddenly the sounds ceased, and, in a few seconds after, he heard three distinct knocks at the door.

"It's the ghost of a gentleman, any how," says Pat, "by his double knock. Walk in," he added, "whoever ye are, for it isn't a night to be standing on the wrong side of a door."

Another pause of a few seconds ensued, when the door slowly opened, and discovered a tall figure, enveloped in a white robe, which left only its features visible, and these were pale, ghastly, and cadaverous.

Ryan was somewhat startled by the apparition; but soon regaining his natural hardihood, he addressed it by saying—"It's a cold country ye come from, I'm thinking, by the light dress ye've on; maybe ye'd like a tumbler of punch after your walk; if so, never say the word twice, but help yourself."

The figure shook its head slowly and solemnly, in token of its rejection of Ryan's hospitable invitation. "Then what's the *maning*," inquired the latter, "of your disturbing a *dacent* man over his whisky, at this time of night?"

Obtaining no answer, he continued, "If ye'll neither *spake* nor drink, maybe ye'd be taking yourself off, and *lave* me to finish that bottle of Marlfield by myself, in *pace*?"

The apparition, so far from taking Paddy's hint, advanced a pace or two into the room, when Ryan, snatching up one of the pistols, exclaimed, "Advance another step, and, dead or alive, I'll shoot ye." The figure came forward, in spite of the warning, and Pat, at the distance of about ten feet, took a deliberate aim, and fired.

His visitor remained motionless, and without betraying any symptoms of being injured, or even disconcerted, by Paddy's salute; but, after a pause, it slowly raised its hand to its mouth, and taking thence a bullet, exhibited it to Ryan with something like an air of triumph.

"O! then, it's a big lie ye're telling," said Pat, "for sorrow a shot was there in either pistol; more by token, I took the liberty of peeping into them myself; but, as ye seem to have supped upon bullets, maybe ye'd like a pistol for breakfast, so open your mouth for a big swallow;" and, as he spoke, Ryan launched the recently-discharged weapon, with such force and precision, at the head of the intruder, as to bring him instantly upon his knees. Recovering himself,

however, before Paddy could lay hold of him, the stranger gained the portal of the building, and, disappearing in the gloom of the surrounding forest, effectually baffled pursuit.

So anxious was Sir Charles to ascertain the result of his scheme, that he was at the abbey, on the following morning, at sunrise. On entering the Abbot's Kitchen, he was surprised and alarmed on finding his watchman stretched, at full length, upon the ground, and, beside him, a pistol which had evidently been discharged. His exclamation, however, had the effect of relieving him from his apprehensions ; for Ryan, awakened by the sound, started instantly on his feet, and, in reply to the baronet's eager inquiries, related the adventures of the night.

" One thing is quite evident," said Sir Charles, when Pat had finished his story, " that the intruder is no ghost, and I am much obliged to you for your services in ascertaining the fact ; but it would have been very satisfactory if we could have fixed on the author of the imposture."

" Will your honour tell me," says Ryan, " who charged the pistols ?"

" My steward," was the answer.

" And who brought them here ?" pursued Pat.

" Nibblepen himself," said the baronet, " and



deposited them on the table in my presence, where they remained untouched till you came; for, as you entered the kitchen by one door, we quitted it by the other."

"Then," says Pat, "I'll bet a gallon of whisky to a potato-paring, that if Mr. Nibblepen didn't play the ghost, it's himself can tell your honour who did."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sir Charles; "the supposition is preposterous."

"Maybe your honour's right, and it's not for the likes of me to be saying ye're not," replied Ryan, respectfully; "but does your honour think the ghost would have stood fire at three paces, if he hadn't known, right well, that there was no ball in the pistol?"

"There is something in that, Ryan," said the baronet; "but I cannot bring myself to believe that Nibblepen would be guilty of such base chicanery."

"If it was Mr. Nibblepen himself," continued Pat, "I'm thinking he has not rubbed out the mark I made upon his thick skull with the butt-end of that same pistol. Maybe your honour would just call and ask after his health this morning; and if ye don't find him with his head in a sling, my name's not Pat Ryan."

The result of Sir Charles's visit proved the accuracy of Ryan's guess at the author of the imposture ; and the steward ultimately confessed that his object in practising it was to deter the baronet from making the abbey a place of residence, inasmuch as his presence would interfere with some of Nibblepen's projects, which, it was presumed, had a more direct reference to his own proper interests than to those of his master.

The steward was immediately dismissed from his office, and Paddy Ryan was married, the next week, to Rose Hazelgrove, and is, at this moment, living rent-free upon the baronet's estate, in a pretty cottage, surrounded by a few acres of land, by the cultivation of which, and his *professional* labours, he is said to be making a fortune.



COIL AND RECOIL.

## REFORM.

WE'VE often thought, and p'rhaps 'twill strike  
The reader, the Reform Bill 's like  
    Our subject-plate, a waggon ;  
The fore-horse in the team 's a *Grey*,  
And, though they're working night and day,  
    But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix  
In state, or civic politics,  
    Yet wish " the Bill " may be a  
Most sov'reign cure for England's ills,  
And prove, like Abernethy's pills,  
    A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,  
But leave to wiser heads than ours  
    The labours for which we  
Have no vocation, while we say,  
Cut every rotten branch away,  
    But do not harm the tree.



COLOSSUS OF RHODES.



Without pronouncing on " the Bill,"  
In praise or censure, there are still  
Some things we can't help noting ;  
For instance, those who t'other day  
Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay  
Ten pounds a-year for voting.

In many a wight, whose crippled toe  
On cushion rests, " the Bill " will blow  
Up hope's expiring embers ;  
He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,  
Bless'd with the liberty to choose  
Another set of *members*.

The poor especially, 'tis said,  
Expect " the Bill " will cheapen bread —  
We rather doubt it ; still  
Some reason in the hope we see,  
They've heard so much concerning the  
*Provisions* of " the Bill."

And, should it pass into a law,  
Such wonders as the world ne'er saw  
'Twill bring about, we trow ;  
Since it has clauses which propose,  
We're told, to give a voice to those  
Who have no voices now.

Thus Birmingham, for deeds in *arms*  
So famed, though safe from war's alarms,  
Will profit by the plan ;  
While Manchester, of high renown,  
Will send two members up to town  
By Pickford's caravan.

And Sheffield too, that shines in steel,  
Its benefits will surely feel  
Through all its various trades ;  
It needs no second sight to see  
Its representatives will be  
Two keen, well-temper'd *blades*.

Nay, in the " Commons' House," a few  
Would have the colonies vote too ; —  
How strange 'twould be, some day,  
When Parliament for bus'ness meets,  
To see two members take their seats,  
*Return'd* from Botany Bay !

'Tis more than probable " the Bill "  
Will oust a few old members ; still  
There must be some who never  
Can care about a *seat*, since they  
Would be, could they but have their way,  
Upon their *legs* for ever.

Our song is sung ; — if ask'd to own  
Our party, we would answer — none —  
    Whig, Radical, or Tory ;  
We rank ourselves among the friends  
Of those who, scorning private ends,  
    Seek England's weal and glory.



CONNECTICUT.



## MORE COPY !

IF there be two words in the English language for which we entertain a pre-eminent dislike, it is for those which we have placed at the head of this article —“ More Copy.” Reader, if thou be the editor of a newspaper or a magazine, and have all the articles to write thyself, thou wilt fully comprehend the awful import of those magic words ; but if thou have not the felicity of officiating in either of those capacities, it may behove us to explain to thee that “ copy ” is the disparaging term by which printers are wont to designate our most original lucubrations.

We remember to have read — we know not precisely where, but suspect that the fact was elicited by an examination before a committee of the House of Commons — that there are many thousands in this metropolis who rise in the morning without knowing where they shall lay their heads at night ; which we can the more readily believe, since we can quote two cases in point. One refers to a gentleman, learned in



EMBARKATION.



the law—and, we infer, from his vagarious propensities, a bachelor—who repaired to an inn, one fine morning in the vacation, with the intention of going to Southampton, but found that the coach was full. “And pray,” inquired he, pointing to a stage at the other end of the yard, “where is that going to?” “To Northampton,” was the reply. “Ah, well,” continued the learned gentleman, “put my portmanteau into the boot; Northampton or Southampton—’tis all the same;” and to Northampton he went. The other instance is of recent occurrence, and involves a portion of our own history, in relating which we have adopted the editorial plural, in order that we may not subject ourselves to a charge of *egotism*.

We had, for some weeks, been flogging our wits in a race against a couple of printing-presses, in the course of which period the dreaded demand for “more copy” had been reiterated in our ears from the mouths of a brace of printers’ devils, *usque ad nauseam*. We were enabled, however, to feed the voracious cormorants who beset us, until last Monday at noon, when we were “run to a stand-still.”

Two emissaries, one from Mr. Moyes, and the other from Mr. Davison—whom Elizabeth, our

comely but careless waiting-maid, had incautiously admitted, (maugre our repeated injunctions that she would commune with all suspicious-looking persons from the window,) were bawling "More copy!" in concert in the hall, if such it can be termed, of our humble domicile. Alas! we had none to give them,—for, although we had taken a *composing* draught in the morning, not a line had we indited.

Meanwhile our two assailants, who had received strict orders to wait until their demands were satisfied, kept their posts with the pertinacity of experienced bailiffs. There was nothing left for us but flight. Accordingly, we made a sudden sally into the passage, and rushing by our besiegers, gained the street. They, however, not being disposed thus to lose sight of their prey, followed us at full speed, and had well nigh overtaken us, when we flung ourselves on the top of a four-horse coach, and soon left our pursuers far behind. Unluckily, a stoppage occurred in the narrow part of the Borough (for our home is on the Surrey side of the Thames), and the Sydenham *stage* became as stationary as that of Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

After waiting for twenty minutes, a cry of

“ More copy !” broke faintly upon our ears ; and casting an anxious glance behind, we perceived our indefatigable foes within a hundred yards of us. We made our *exit* from the *stage*, and taking again to our heels, dived down St. Thomas’s Street, where we had the misfortune, in our haste, to overturn the stall of a nymph who retailed apples. The damsel, in quest of revenge or reparation, added to the number of our pursuers, when, bethinking ourselves of the stratagem of Hippomenes, we dropped half-a-crown in the path of our Atalanta, which she stooped to pick up, and thus, happily for us, losing ground, allowed us to escape from her vengeance.

With unabated speed we continued our course through the *terra incognita* of Tooley Street, until we found ourselves again on the high road to the city. We paused for a moment as to our route ; but a “ far-off cry” of “ More copy !” set our legs again in motion ; we darted over the bridge, without respect to the limbs of the lieges whom we encountered on our way, and, after plunging into a knot of fishwomen and porters, who had congregated at the top of Lower Thames Street, we turned down the avenue to the first wharf, and precipitated ourselves into a steam-boat,

which was, at that instant, moving from the shore to the tune of "Fly not yet."

The hurried manner in which we flung ourselves upon the deck of the steamer, as well as the look of terror and apprehension which we cast over our shoulder at the same instant, gave rise to much speculation on the part of our fellow-voyagers, which, however, when we ventured an inquiry as to the destination of the vessel, resolved itself into an unanimous opinion not, by any means, favourable to the sanity of our intellects.

To our question we, at last, received from a gentleman, more obliging or less apprehensive than the rest, the ominous answer of "*Gravesend*," a place which corresponded with our idea of the Cave of Despair, inasmuch as our topographical lore informed us that it was considerably below the *Lower Hope*.

The impression that, if we had not escaped from some receptacle for lunatics, public or private, we had every qualification to insure our admission to one, having become general among the passengers, our perilous vicinity was avoided by them all, as if we had been infected by the plague or the Indian cholera; and we had,

consequently, one side of the quarter-deck to ourselves.

As we drew towards the destination of the vessel, we perceived the captain in earnest conversation with some of the voyagers, which, from certain glances towards us, and the words "poor gentleman," "magistrates," "do himself a mischief," that reached our ears, we concluded boded ill to our liberty. Accordingly, when a boat came alongside for the purpose of landing some passengers at Northfleet, we seized an opportunity of jumping into her, and, after some remonstrance on the part of the company into which we had intruded, were rowed to the shore, where we landed, and took up our quarters at a small inn by the water's edge.

There, as the reader will readily imagine, our contemplations were gloomy enough: the sight of the Essex shore, bare, bleak, and flat as it is, is calculated to give a man the horrors, under any circumstances; but we had the superadded misery of feeling that we had committed an act of literary bankruptcy, while the anguish of knowing that our name would be in the next Saturday's (Literary) Gazette, was not, in any degree, mitigated by the reflection of our having



appeared in it before. We thought, also, of the home and the friends we had left, never to see them again. We thought, too, of our club, the L. F. C., and that we should never more listen to the puns of our friend \* \* \* \*, the eloquence of \* \* \* \*, or the dry humour of \* \* \* \*; and, above all, we thought of the three pounds, being our subscription paid in advance, for which, banished man as we were, we should never "receive value" either in wit or wine.

We went to bed supperless, — that is to say, we had only one solitary beef-steak and a bottle of double stout; — but we will not attempt a description of the horrors of that night. Pegasus, who had denied us his aid in the daytime, visited us in the shape of the night-mare; and we felt as though forty printing-presses had been piled upon our chest. Then we were buffeting the waves of the Styx (which we thought was a river of printer's lye), with one of our volumes hanging about our neck like a pig of lead. At last, however, we were aroused from the fearful vision by the imaginary cry of "More copy!" from a chorus of printer's devils.

On coming down to our breakfast, fresh terrors awaited us, for, on taking up the "Times,"

which our landlord had obligingly placed on the table, the first thing which met our eye was an advertisement, headed "ABSCONDED FROM HIS EMPLOYERS," containing a description of our person, and offering a reward for the discovery of our retreat.

Now, we apprehend that a man's vanity, in contemplating his own portrait, is never less flattered than when he recognises it in an advertisement or a caricature; nor can we say that we were especially delighted with the sketch of our outward conformation in the "Times." It is true, we did not acknowledge the fidelity of the artist in some of its details, inasmuch as our tendency to growing stout had been libellously exaggerated into corpulency; while our practice of directing our eyes towards the earth, partly occasioned by our natural modesty, and partly superinduced by our contemplative habits, had been, with an equal disregard of decency and truth, denominated a "down look."

Still, however, there was a general resemblance, which was calculated to excite our worst fears. Accordingly, abandoning our untasted tea to the landlady's cat and dog, which had taken advantage of our abstraction and leaped upon the table, we paid our reckoning at the bar, and

attentions, that we felt ourselves *compelled* to accompany them. Indeed, it would have been the extreme of fastidiousness had we shewn any reluctance to walk between two such well-dressed gentlemen, particularly when we contrasted their appearance with that of their predecessors of the staff and lantern, who, in days, or rather *nights* of yore, were wont to give the plundered housekeeper timely notice of the *escape* of the thieves.



SPRING TIME.

We were conducted to Guildhall, and, after





“ LICTOR, A BEADLE.”

*Johnson.*

some important cases had been disposed of, in which the zeal and gallantry of that meritorious officer the beadle, in routing oyster-women and orange-boys, were especially conspicuous, we were introduced to the sitting alderman.

We shall take the liberty of extracting from the "Police Report" of one of the morning papers, the particulars of the scene which followed, rather than hazard our reputation for impartiality by attempting to describe it ourselves.

"GUILDHALL. — Yesterday a respectably-dressed person was brought before the sitting alderman on suspicion of having escaped from a lunatic asylum. It appeared in evidence, that he had embarked in a Gravesend steam-boat, in a manner which left no doubt of his having been pursued; that, when on board, he asked some strange and incoherent questions, and had jumped into a boat which came off from Northfleet, where he landed, to the great relief of the captain and passengers. It also appeared that he returned to London on the following morning, and, having been recognised by a gentleman who had been his fellow-voyager on the preceding day, was given into custody.

" 'Well sir,' inquired the alderman, 'what is your name?'

“ ‘ I have not yet been able to get a name,’ answered the prisoner.

“ ‘ What !’ exclaimed the magistrate, ‘ not got a name ? that ’s very odd.’

“ ‘ It is very *unfortunate*,’ was the reply, ‘ particularly as I have spent half my life in endeavouring to acquire one.’

“ ‘ Well, what is your business,— how do you get your living ?’ said the alderman.

“ ‘ I have been in the *public line*,’ responded the prisoner.

“ ‘ Ha ! indeed !’ rejoined the magistrate. ‘ Pray what is the sign of your house ?’

“ ‘ The Flying Horse,’ was the answer.

“ ‘ The Flying Horse ! there are many such signs in London ; pray where is it ?’ said his worship.

“ ‘ On Mount Parnassus,’ replied the prisoner.

“ ‘ Mount Parnassus !’ exclaimed the alderman ; ‘ I never knew there was such a place. There’s Mount Street ; and Mount Place, and Mount Pleasant, but I never heard of Mount Parnassus. It must be in some obscure part of the metropolis, I suppose.’

“ ‘ Your worship,’ observed the prisoner, ‘ it would appear, has not cultivated a very intimate acquaintance with the muses.’

“ ‘ The mewses !’ returned the magistrate ;

‘ all I know of the mewses is, that there is one at the back of my house, where I keep my coach - horses. Sure enough,’ he continued, placing his finger symbolically on his own forehead, ‘ there is something wanting here.’ [A laugh, in which the worthy alderman, delighted at the success of his own sally, heartily joined.] ‘ Now tell me, honestly, my good man, have you not recently escaped from some place of confinement?’

“ The prisoner said, he could not but acknowledge that he had run away from his *keepers*, who, he added, were two respectable publishers, one residing in the Strand, and the other in the City.

“ ‘ Poor man!’ exclaimed his worship, whom, as well as every one present, this last reply had convinced that the unhappy prisoner’s wits were disordered, ‘ let him be removed, and taken care of until his friends can be discovered. And, d’ye hear, see that he is treated with all possible kindness, and that he has every attention which his unfortunate situation demands.’ ”

Remonstrance on our part would, of course, have been in vain; for who could expect that justice would be measured out by the city magistrates, who had peremptorily refused to admit *Scales* into their court?



As we were led through the street, however, by the two police-men, on our way to a place of security, we encountered the two printers' devils, who, having been hunting in couple for us ever since we had escaped from their clutches, pounced on us with the eagerness of hungry vultures, maugre the resistance of our guardians. A scuffle ensued, during which we contrived to run off; and, as we turned the corner of the street in our flight, had the gratification to perceive that our two enemies, the printers' emissaries, had been overpowered by the police, who were dragging them to the Compter for obstructing officers in the execution of their duty.

Meanwhile we gained our domicile, and, by the time our persecutors were released from durance vile, were prepared with the requisite supply of "More copy."



HEIR-AT-LAW.





THE AUTHOR.

## LOVE IN THE EAST.

WILL WALLSEND was a coal-heaver,  
And would you know what "mould  
Of man" he was,—just glance aside,—  
His portraiture behold.

"*Tant mieux!*" our artist makes him say;  
"But where did Will acquire  
His French?" you'll ask: He only means  
To say '*t an't Meux*' Entire.

Contented long he lived, nor did  
For any earthly thing wish,  
And knew no flame but what a pot  
Of porter could extinguish.

Till Love resolved to wound his peace;  
Nor could the rogue desire  
Much better pastime than to set  
A man of coals on fire.

He loved fair Martha Marrowfat,  
An oyster-nymph: in that he  
Display'd his taste; the nicest thing  
In life's an oyster *Patty*.

Loud in the praise of Patty's charms,  
He vow'd that none could beat hers ;  
And, doubtless, sung them oft in verse,  
For he was used to *meters*.

But Martha turn'd a listless ear  
When Will his passion told ;  
Her heart, like one of her own fish,  
Was close shut up and cold.

Nay, at his head an oyster-shell  
She flung to stigmatise him ;  
How cruel, yet how classical,  
'Twas thus to *ostracise* him !

Full oft, at evening, in a barge  
Of coals was Wallsend found,  
And heard to sigh, as well he might,  
For all was *black* around.

“ Ah, cruel maid !” he cries, as down  
His cheek the big tear rolls ;  
“ I seem to hear thy chiding voice,—  
It *calls me o'er the coals*.

“ The flame of love makes in this breast  
Of mine a precious rout ;  
I do not care, I'm sure, how soon  
Its tenant is *burnt out*.”

There lived near Will one Simon Strop,  
A barber and wig-maker,  
Whose razor, in his time, had mown  
Of chin at least an acre.

His daughter Susan Strop, or Sue,  
As he was wont to dub her,  
He dearly loved, and, next to her,  
His evening pipe and rubber.



INDIAN RUBBER.

Supplied with Newgate calendars,  
And tatter'd tomes in plenty,  
His shop was quite a lounge for all  
The Wapping *cognoscenti*.

There cobblers, *waxing* warm, condemn'd  
The waste of England's treasures ;  
Sail-makers *canvass'd* statesmen's acts,  
And tailors blamed their *measures*.

While Strop's sagacity was held  
In such esteem, that he  
Was named, on all disputed points,  
Their common referee.

In fact, so great an oracle  
Was Simon, 'tis reported,  
His neighbours, when in trouble, all  
To his advice resorted.

Thus, through the funnel of his ear  
They pour'd their various woes ;—  
His looks invited trust, he 'd such  
A *confidential* nose.

It chanced ('twas on a Saturday)  
Will call'd, with heavy heart,  
On Simon Strop, to claim a cast  
Of his tonsorial art.



ENTRE NOUS.





Observing that his friend was pale  
And dull, and wiped his eye so,  
Old Strop exclaim'd, " Why, I say, Bill,  
My boy, what makes you sigh so?"

Then Will, " upon that hint," produced  
The budget of his sorrows,  
And told them with that eloquence  
Which truth from feeling borrows.

And when his tale he'd finish'd, " Strop,"  
Said he, " what shall I do?"  
" Do?" echo'd Strop, " I'll tell you what—  
Suppose you marry Sue?

" I want some honest man to take  
The girl beneath his wing;  
I'm growing old: what say you, Bill?  
I'll do the handsome thing.

" I'll buy or build you a new barge,  
The Thames shan't bear a tighter, man;  
So heave your troubles overboard,  
My blade, and be a *lighter*-man.

" Come, wash your hands of coal-heaving,—  
I know you hate your place,—  
And, while *your hand is in*, 'twould be  
As well to wash your face."

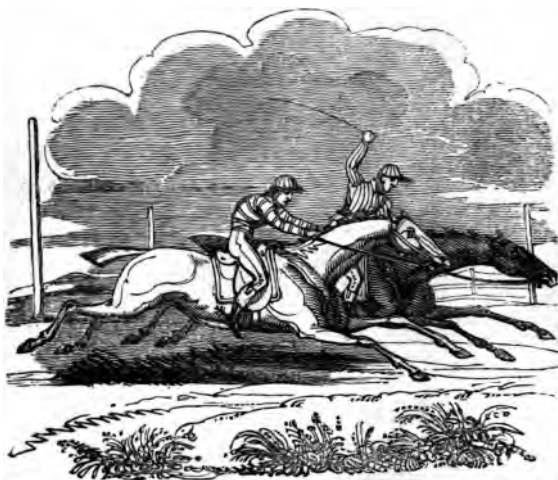
Now Wallsend, though in virtues rich,  
Was somewhat poor in purse ;  
And wisely deem'd he might, perchance,  
“ Go further and fare worse.”

He drew on Susan's love at sight,  
Who did accept the *Bill* ;  
He proves a faithful spouse, and she  
Most dearly loves her *Will*.



HEAVY WLT.





MESSIEURS GALL AND SPURZHEIM.

## THE BROTHERS.

SAMPSON HARDACRE had the good fortune to come into the world before his three brothers, an occurrence which constituted him the heir of an entailed estate of three thousand a-year. As old Mr. Hardacre lived up to every shilling of his rent-roll, his second and third sons, despairing of a provision from his purse, wisely addressed themselves to the pockets of the world at large, and respectively embraced the professions of law and physic. Valentine, the youngest, however, who enjoyed a small annuity under the will of his godfather, preferred rural retirement to the bustle of public life, and remained at home.

Sampson was a thick-set young man, with a frame and constitution of iron, and a countenance indicative rather of health than intelligence. It was distinguished by a somewhat porcine elongation of nose, and a pair of eyes nearly buried between his round ruddy cheeks and beetle brows. His skull would have puzzled a craniologist as much as it did his schoolmaster, since it had all the bumps that were ever numbered on Mr.

**Deville's casts.** Thus it happened, that while the various faculties which, according to the system of Messieurs Gall and Spurzheim, had "local habitations" in his cranium, if properly distributed, would have conducted half-a-dozen poets, mathematicians, and philosophers, to the pinnacle of fame, the result of the combination, in his case, was the most "admired confusion" of intellect.

Let it not, however, be imagined that he was destitute of accomplishments—for he had many. He was the keenest hunter, the boldest rider, and the best shot in the county, and was especially skilled in the mysteries of whist and backgammon.



PARADISE AND THE PERI.

An estate adjoining the Hardacres', and of about the same extent and value, belonged to an







**KENILWORTH.**

orphan, a Miss Mansell, just emerging from her minority, between whom and Sampson, the guardian of the former, and the father of the latter had projected a match. The young lady's personal attractions were of the highest order; she had the eye of a houri and the form of a sylph; but Sampson cared little for any *eye* but an eye of pheasants, and was more interested in the *form* of a hare than he would have been in that of the Venus de Medicis herself. The estate, however, was not a matter of so much indifference to him; and he, accordingly, devoted to the preliminaries of courtship as much time as he could spare from the more important concerns of the stable and the dog-kennel.

Valentine was rather taller and of a much slighter figure than his eldest brother, but without the latter's "strongly-marked countenance," as persons are wont to say when they would describe an ugly man without calling him such. Valentine had, moreover, a sedateness of look, which, but for a certain expression of humour in his eye, might have been attributed to melancholy.

His mare, Sobersides, rivalled her master in sobriety of demeanour, and there existed the best possible understanding between them: he never

caring to ride fast, while she had not the slightest objection to going slowly.



BOLE D'EQUIPAGE.

I am not aware that Sobersides ever did homage to *Trava* after the fashion of the steed in our vignette: but she carried her head much nearer to the ground than was considered orthodox, and was, to use the language of Tattersall's, a "queer one to look at;" in fact, both horse and rider were the laughing-stocks of all the sportsmen in the vicinity.

It chanced that Sampson, at a dinner-party at Hardacre Hall, had offered to run a favourite horse against that of any of the company. His

challenge was accepted by a gentleman, who jocularly added, that, should he not be at the starting-post at the hour fixed, Valentine should mount Sobersides, and ride the race instead. To this proposal the latter, elevated possibly beyond his ordinary sedateness, or relying on the other's punctuality, agreed ; stipulating, however, for a share in the profit or loss of the contest.

A large party, among whom was Miss Mansell, assembled in Hardacre Park, where the wager was to be decided, on the day appointed. Sampson was at his post, of course, but his rival did not make his appearance. At last, the hour of starting arrived, and Valentine, who had not thought of the wager since it was laid, was called upon to "play or pay."

"Well !" exclaimed Valentine, "since it may be no better, bring out Sobersides ; we will have a gallop for our money, at any rate."

The mare was accordingly brought out, amid the laughter of the whole company, while her master, after passing his hand carelessly under the saddle-girths, flung himself across her back, unprovided with either whip or spur. His imprudence in the latter particular was respectfully, though vainly, remonstrated against by one of the grooms, for Valentine was a general favourite

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among the servants, from the major domo down to the laundry maid.



NYMPH AND PAN.

“ Good bye, brother,” said Sampson, tauntingly, as he left the starting-post at an easy trot, while Sobersides followed, and appeared quite content with keeping a yard or two in the wake of her rival.

At length, when about midway between the starting-post and the goal, Sampson gave the rein and the spur to his horse, and rushed forward at full speed. Valentine was observed, almost at the same instant, to pat the neck of Sober-

sides, who, on a sudden, appeared to gather her legs under her, and darting away with the swiftness of an arrow, in two minutes left her antagonist at a hopeless distance.

Valentine arrived at the goal amid the plaudits of the spectators, who, however they may sympathise with the loser, have always a shout for the winning party.

Sampson, more annoyed at his defeat than at the loss of the money, though he grudged every shilling of it, consoled himself by reflecting that his marriage with Miss Mansell, which, the young lady having attained her majority, was fixed to take place in a few days, would put him in possession of a fine estate, and a round sum of money into the bargain.

On the appointed morning, Sampson proceeded with his friends to the church, where, however, having been delayed by the operation of worming some puppies, he arrived a quarter of an hour after he had agreed to meet the bride and her party.

"I hope I have not kept Miss Mansell waiting," exclaimed Sampson to Michael the parish-clerk, who was engaged in oiling the lock of the church-door.

"Oh, no, Sir," replied Michael; "she be come and gone this half hour."

"Come and gone!" echoed Sampson, "I can't understand ——"

"Very likely," answered the other, "but she be married though, as sure as a gun."

"Married!" was the rejoinder, "to whom?"

"Why, to Master Valentine, to be sure."

"Jockied again, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the crest-fallen Sampson, as he quitted the church-yard with his astonished friends.

The fact was, that during a visit which Miss Mansell made to Mrs. Hardacre, the duty of amusing the fair one, owing to the multitude of Sampson's sporting engagements, devolved upon Valentine, who acquitted himself so much to her satisfaction, that she preferred his undivided affection to a rivalry with horses and hounds in the heart of his brother.



CRANIOLOGY.







**REGIMENT OF THE LINE AT DRILL.**

## POSTSCRIPT.

SEE, ranged along the banks of yonder stream,  
Those grave professors of the line and reel,—  
Young, old, fat, slender, vulgar, and genteel,—  
Angling for minnow, gudgeon, barbel, bream,  
Trout, or some other of the “finny tribe.”

Mark with what eager eyes, and yet how still,  
They watch their floats, as if, like some poor scribe,  
Their very lives depended on their *quill*.

True picture of the world! where, to the last,  
All men are Izaak Waltons, more or less,  
Although not always with the like success;  
Ourselves among the rest,—and here we cast  
Our volume as a bait for public favour,  
And humbly hope that they'll approve its flavour:  
Meanwhile, we're pretty certain of a bite,

For there's a race which every day increases,  
(Especially the small fry), critics hight,  
Confound them! but they tear one's *lines* to  
pieces.

Well, 'tis no joke to write, with aid from none,  
An Annual, from title-page to finis;

“ And if,” you’ll say, “ ’twere such a one as  
 thine is,  
 ’T will be no joke to read it when ’tis done.”  
 Call, if you please, our Pegasus an ass,  
 Our Helicon a duck-pond ; let it pass :



PEGASUS.

Yet don't dismiss our volume until after  
 You've read, sir,

## AN APOLOGY FOR LAUGHTER.

We know that there are some well-meaning folk,  
 (Their motives we impugn not, though we find  
 Their dogmas not, at all times, to our mind,) .  
 Who, in their gravity, esteem a joke  
 A thing forbidden, and maintain 'tis wrong  
 To grace the feast with merry tale or song,  
 And thus would banish laughter from the board :  
 To such we answer — Be the jest abhorr'd,

And spurn'd the lay, though Genius point the  
rhyme,  
That sport with suffering or make light of crime.  
We loathe the wit, however bright its flame,  
Which sates its appetite on sacred things ;  
Or, veil'd beneath the inuendo, brings  
On Beauty's cheek the burning blush of shame.  
Ours be the summer lightning of the brain,  
That scathes not while it flashes. We maintain  
That there is in this chequer'd scene of earth  
Much that's legitimately food for mirth.

We take it 't will, on all hands, be confess'd  
That they who pour their wrath upon a jest,  
By consequence, extend their ban to laughter,  
(How justly, we shall hope to shew hereafter)  
Since that the last, if not the younger brother,  
Is certainly the offspring of the other.  
Now, censor, turn your eyes on yon fair child,  
Hark to his shout of laughter loud and wild,  
And tell us, can you deem his mirth a crime ?  
Or, if you urge that what, in childhood's prime,  
Is harmless, must be rank'd in manhood's sins,  
Pray tell us at what age the crime begins.

But, if you still persist, and hold the blame  
In childhood and maturity the same,

Why was the faculty of laughing given  
To man, of all the creatures under heaven ?  
The answer is most obvious : To use it,  
    Although, like other faculties, of mind  
    As well as body, he's too oft inclined,  
In his innate perverseness, to abuse it.  
Still unconvinced ? Well, if you'd turn us round  
On this, we'll e'en resort to higher ground.

“ There is a time to laugh,” ’tis written, and we  
    trace

    The text with reverence, yet take our stand  
On its authority to prove our case :  
“ There is a time to laugh ;” not when the hand,  
That, in the strife, would fain have dealt the  
    blow,

To smite our fame or fortunes, is laid low,  
And cannot crush the worm that twines around it,  
So fast and firm mortality hath bound it !

“ There is a time to laugh ;” but not in scorn  
Of human frailty, since th’ unblunted thorn

    Of conscience is its punishment on earth ;  
“ There is a time to laugh ;” but not to swell  
The ribald’s triumph, when he rings the knell  
    Of Virtue in his rude, unhallow’d mirth.

But is the laugh forbid, when evening closes,  
    When curtains are drawn round, and candles lit ;





PICTURE PAINTING.

When, after hours of care, the mind reposes  
 Safe from the world's turmoil, and all unfit  
 For grave and metaphysic disquisition,  
 Turns gladly to the wit-illuminated pages  
 Of Irvine, or of Scott, the great magician  
 And caterer of mirth for future ages ?  
 And may not Anecdote produce her hoard,  
 And Fancy's playful flashes cheer the board ?

We could swell out our list of reasons wherefore,  
 'Tis not a sin to laugh, but 't will not need ;—  
 Besides, our article would much exceed  
 Our limits and the reader's patience ; therefore,  
 We'll take our *cong  * of the sombre school,  
 And tell them, though their dogmas we condemn,  
 We're better-nurtured than to laugh at them :  
 Meanwhile, we close our essay with a rule,  
 Which, borrow'd from the name of some old  
 play,  
 Is, Laugh, not when you can, but when you may.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell ! our task is ended, and we close  
 Our volume of rough sketches, such as those  
 Which strew the limner's studio : some have ta'en  
 Their origin in fancy ; some, again,



Were drawn from life: and would you further  
scan,

And, at our hands, criteria exact,

By which to know the fiction from the fact,—  
We answer, Such is no part of our plan;  
Since, though we range the world for comicalities,  
We deal not in offensive personalities.



A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE.

THE END.

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